

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1893.

CONTENTS.

1. THE HOLY FATHER AND THE PILGRIMS	457
2. AUDENARDE. <i>By the Rev. John Morris, F.S.A.</i>	465
3. THE BERENGARIAN CONTROVERSY AND ITS ANTECEDENTS. <i>By the Rev. John Rickaby</i>	476
4. THE LAY-BROTHERHOODS OF SEVILLE. <i>By B. Evetts</i>	491
5. CONSCIENCE. <i>By the Rev. William Humphrey</i>	501
6. THE ZAMBESI MISSION. Fort Salisbury and Victoria	519
7. IRISH WORTHIES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Father William Bathe. <i>By the Rev. Edmund Hogan</i>	532
8. POUCH-BEARING ANIMALS. <i>By M. Bell</i>	547
9. FOOTSTEPS IN THE WARD. A True Story. <i>By H. M. Capes</i>	553
REVIEWS	567
1. Our Separated Brethren. <i>By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A.</i> 2. Father Wilmer's History of Religion. 3. Father Cathrein's Private Property in Land and its opponents; and Father Pachtler's Aims of Social Democracy and Liberal Ideas. 4. The Summa Philosophica of Father Lahousse. 5. The Formation of the Gospels. <i>By F. B. Badham, M.A.</i> 6. Cursus Scripturæ Sacre. Commentarius in Evang. S. Matthæi. Auctore Josepho Knabenbauer, S.J. 7. Africa. Par Edouard Deschamps. 8. A Swiss Statesman. <i>By</i> Father Baumgartner, S.J. 9. A Mixed Marriage. <i>By the</i> Lady Amabel Kerr. 10. Guide to the Oratory, South Kensington.	
LITERARY RECORD	591
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH: MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN: M. H. GILL AND SON.

BALTIMORE: JOHN MURPHY AND CO.

Price Two Shillings.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

**THE GREAT
BLOOD
PURIFIER
AND
RESTORER.**

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE?"

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

**LARGEST SALE
OF ANY
MEDICINE
IN
THE WORLD.**

The Great Blood Purifier and Restorer. For Cleansing and Clearing the Blood from all impurities, it cannot be too highly recommended.

For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores.
Cures Sores on the Neck.
Cures Sore Legs.
Cures Pimples on the Face.
Cures Scurvy.
Cures Eczema.

It Cures Ulcers.
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases.
Cures Glandular Swellings.
Clears the Blood from all Impure matter,
From whatever cause arising.

* It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains. It removes the cause from the blood and bones.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Important Advice to all.—Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, and sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul—your feelings will tell you when. Keep your blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Sold in Bottles 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing Six times the quantity, 11s., sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

TRADE MARK, "BLOOD MIXTURE."

Ask for CLARKE'S World-Famed BLOOD MIXTURE, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation.

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street, late 533, Oxford Street, London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

ZAEHNSDORF,

BOOKBINDER,

Cambridge Works, 144 & 146, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

(FOR FIFTY YEARS AT CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.)

Artistic Bindings to any Design.

BOOKS BOUND IN VELVET, SILK, OR WORKED MATERIAL.

Library Bindings in Cloth, Half Calf, or Half Morocco.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO BOOKS WITH PLATES.

MISSALS AND ALTAR BOOKS STRONGLY BOUND.

Medals. — DUBLIN, 1865.

PARIS, 1867.

VIENNA, 1873.

VANHEEMS AND WHEELER,

Exclusively Clerical Tailors.

The only House in England which is conversant with the Roman formula in respect to the canonical dress of the Catholic Hierarchy.

47, Berners Street, London, W.

E

od

the

ost
it

the
e it

ent
ND
; or
LN.

all
TE,
led
sed
most

the

C.

co.

onical

The Holy Father and the Pilgrims.

THE old adage that "all roads lead to Rome," is literally fulfilled to-day (as it has so often been fulfilled before), when the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father draws his children from all parts of the world to the Holy City. Thousands have knelt before him in the last few weeks, bringing their congratulations, taking away his blessing; thousands will come before the season of rejoicing has passed away. Among the rest have come the English pilgrims, happy in being able to lay their tribute of homage at the feet of Leo XIII. and spend a short time in the city, to which all hearts turn as to the home of the faith.

Is it not indeed a privilege to be in Rome? Sadly changed it may be, as the new-comers are told: it could not be otherwise since the sacred city has fallen into sacrilegious hands and her true Sovereign is practically a prisoner. But Rome is still the City of God upon earth, the very Heart of Christendom. Well fitted is she for the proud position. Has not the history of the world, with every phase of human experience, been engraving itself upon her stones during the last two thousand years? What a varied tale it is, ancient, mediæval, modern. We gain some insight into the magnificence of Ancient Rome as we gaze upon her monuments, and read the lesson inscribed so legibly on crumbling arch and prostrate column, on ivied ruin and deserted fane: *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Rome played her part right royally in history; but she had within her no principle of immortality, no force wherewith to resist decay. Mistress of the world, she could not teach her citizens how to conquer themselves, how to gain true freedom. That was reserved for the obscure Fisherman, who came to found a new dynasty within her walls, to make her greater than she had ever been. He was thrown into the prison cell once tenanted by Jugurtha and the Catiline conspirators, and he ended his

life on a cross outside the walls of Rome. But he belonged to an undying race ; it accomplished what he had begun. Slowly, noiselessly, almost insensibly the superhuman task was accomplished : with weapons not wrought by man, the strange weapons of prayer and sacrifice and suffering, the great victory was won. Evil was overcome by good, that corrupt Roman society was purified by the martyrs' blood, the great Babylon became the City of God, the successors of the Fisherman ruled where the Cæsars had reigned ; the head of the pagan world became the Heart of Christendom. And the stones of Rome told a new story. The Lateran Palace became "the mother and head of all the churches in the world ;" the frowning Capitol was crowned by S. Maria in Ara Coeli ; the Pantheon was consecrated to Christian worship, whilst Christian art furnished a pendant to the Dying Gladiator in the portrayal of St. Cecilia's still death-agony. The Queen of the Seven Hills was clothed with a new glory, her crown shone with a lustre, a new dignity had come to her with a new maternity ; was she not the mother-city of a Christian world, the home of countless millions ? And, whilst her children poured the treasures of their wealth and the glory of their art upon the beloved city, her Pontiffs reigned with an all embracing dominion to which the world had hitherto been a stranger. Thus did Mediæval Rome acquire a dominion far greater than she had ever possessed, a greatness as far surpassing her former glory as spirit is superior to matter, not always triumphant in the world's eyes, as some would have us believe, but ever a queen.

But what of Modern Rome ? Can we praise her ? An ungrateful generation has thrown off the gentle sway of the Pontiffs, a base return indeed for the countless blessings they had bestowed during long centuries. What does Italy not owe to the Popes ? What would Rome be now if they had recoiled from the task of purging the old Roman world, if they had chosen another city to fill her place ? Is not the remembrance of the desolation which befell Rome when they left it for a brief period in the fourteenth century sufficient answer to the question ?

The ruling powers of Italy have acted as all must act who owe their elevation to might, as opposed to right ; it is safest to efface the past, lest its memory might waken echoes which would rouse the people to annihilate them. Happily their power is limited. They may call the streets *Corso Vittorio*

Emanuele, and erect monuments in his honour, styling him "the father of his country" (is Italy so youthful?); they may surmount the Pincian Hill with Garibaldi's statue, they may turn monasteries into barracks, convents into museums; but they cannot efface all that history has indelibly engraved upon Rome. When they are silent the stones will still be telling their tale. They may hamper the liberty of the Church to which they owe their freedom, they may make her Head a prisoner, "the prisoner of his own loyalty," as a revolutionist leader styled Pius IX., but they cannot wrest from him his world-wide empire. The weapons which conquered paganism will vanquish infidelity; the power evinced by Peter in the first century will not be baffled by the chaos of the nineteenth. As shadows make light more prominent, as stars shine most brightly in the deepest darkness of the night, so gleams with a peculiar lustre the crown worn by Leo, *Lumen in Calo*. Even those who are not of the household of the faith seem to understand something of this as they congratulate him to-day, whilst the children of the Church gather round him with deeper emotion.

Rome, the true Rome still faithful, is eager too to do her part on the festal day. Her inhabitants are astir early on the 19th of February, and as daylight creeps slowly round the Piazza of St. Peter's it reveals small groups, which rapidly increase in size, besieging the various entrances to the Basilica. The ponderous doors, fit for the gates of a city, are thrown open at last, and the eager crowd presses into the interior. There are several hours yet to wait, but time passes quickly in St. Peter's; some time indeed is always needed to realize in any degree the vast proportions we cannot grasp. Very beautiful does the great Basilica look in the morning light. Is it not indeed unique, unequalled in splendour, unrivalled in the wealth of associations clustering round the very name? Immeasurable it seems, incomparable it surely is, recalling the poet's words:

But thou of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee,
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be
Of earthly structure, in His honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength and beauty all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

The festival has drawn together a great concourse. Representatives are here of many lands and varied races, differing in so many respects, but linked together by a tie stronger than patriotism, the possession of a common faith, and united by a common devotion to the Pontiff they have come to honour. And he, the Father of that multitude, is coming forth to return thanks to God for the graces of his episcopate, and to bless his children. In other days he would have blessed them from the great balcony outside; to-day he cannot do so without infringing his prerogative as peacemaker. But the blessing will be none the less hearty, the response only the more ardent. For the moment all seem to forget that the Pope is no longer free; or rather all thought of temporal might disappears in the realization of his spiritual power. When the remembrance does come it adds to the brilliant scene a strange pathos, emanating from the shadow of the Cross, which has never been absent from the Church founded by a Crucified God. It has always rested upon her: it will be with her to the end, when "the day breaks and the shadows retire." To the world "a sign of contradiction," to the unbeliever a stumbling-block, to the weak in faith an evil omen, to the faint-hearted a presage of defeat, to the eyes of faith that shadow is bathed in radiant light, which reveals God's hand upholding His Church and endowing His Vicar with a power, unknown to all other sovereigns, the power that "is made perfect in infirmity." All earthly might, all temporal glory, all human majesty sinks into insignificance in face of this Divine power. Christ's representative stands alone: unaffected by changes of dynasty or the laws of conquest, unmoved by the fluctuations of revolution. And they know it, these eighty thousand representatives of the millions who share their faith, as they stand prepared for his coming to-day.

The sun has risen in the heavens now and shines upon the expectant crowd. The long waiting is ended, and a thrill of emotion runs through the assembly as the brilliant *cortège* files into the Basilica. In an instant a sound "like the voices of many waters" bursts upon the air, drowning the music of the choir, drowning the great bells, drowning everything but the clapping of hands. The curse of Babel seems obliterated for the nonce; and the feelings of that multitude find vent in one harmonious sound, like the roar of the ocean on rock-girt shore. Wave succeeds wave as the Holy Father is borne

slowly along, high above the crowd. At the first glance you might mistake the small figure with white face and hands, snowy chasuble and mitre, for a marble statue. But only for a moment. Leo XIII. is instinct with life and energy; and you soon perceive that the white hand is raised in benediction, passing rapidly from right to left and left to right, as though it could not do its office quickly enough to please the Father's heart. And still the waves of sound are beating upon the air, seeming as though they would never cease, but ready to die away in an instant when the Holy Father leaves the *sedia gestatoria*. A great hush succeeds as he approaches the altar. There is but one heart and soul in that vast gathering: all are united in prayer with the High Priest who offers the adorable Sacrifice in their name. Earth can show us nothing more sacred.

When the Mass is ended, the *Te Deum* is intoned by the choir and taken up by the people. Those who are near enough notice that the Pope joins in the responses with the people. Then, vested with the Papal tiara this time, the Pope ascends the *sedia gestatoria* and the procession forms again. A halt is made in front of the Confession of St. Peter, facing the people, for the bestowal of the Papal benediction. There is no mistaking the heartiness of the blessing. With bowed head, but most impressively, very emphatically, the solemn blessing "to the city and the world" is given by the Pope. Simultaneously, the applause, which has been with difficulty restrained, bursts forth again with renewed vehemence, reaching a climax as the Holy Father disappears into the seclusion of the Vatican. The impressive spectacle is concluded. Some say such spectacles are useless, leaving nothing behind but a fleeting impression. But we are not purely spiritual beings: human nature requires something tangible to enable it to grasp the invisible. Such manifestations bring home to the world the invisible force of Catholic unity, affording at the same time a fit illustration of our Lord's prophecy: "There shall be one flock and one shepherd."

On the day following the Jubilee, the English pilgrims again found themselves in St. Peter's. This time they were assembled at the side-altar, where St. Gregory the Great reposes. After Mass they formed in procession, reciting the Rosary, as they proceeded to the altar of our Lady opposite—here invoked under the title of Our Lady of Succour—to beg her intercession

for England. St. Peter was then venerated in the customary way, *i.e.*, by kissing the foot of his statue, placing the head beneath it in token of filial submission to the Chair of Peter, and again kissing the foot.

Every day of that week Mass was said for the pilgrims in one or other of the great basilicas, whilst the precious relics contained in each were exposed for their veneration. Even the chains of St. Peter, which are rarely exposed, were placed round the necks of all who came forward after the Mass said at S. Pietro in Vincoli.

On the 21st the pilgrims assembled in the Church of S. Gregorio on the Cœlian Hill, to witness the Cardinal take possession. It was an interesting ceremony. There is a gracious significance in S. Gregorio's becoming the titular church of an English Cardinal, for it adds another link to the chain of associations that connect the Cœlian Hill, one of the seven hills of ancient Rome, with England's interests. It was from the monastery adjoining the church that St. Augustine started for England. The monastery had once been the palace of St. Gregory's father: the Saint, no saint then but a heathen magistrate, gave it to the Benedictine monks and later joined their ranks. It was probably from the Cœlian that he started on his mission to the Angles, for whom he had so great a predilection. He had not gone far, however, when he was recalled by order of the Pope, who had with difficulty given his consent and was now moved by the distress of the people. We can well believe that the disappointment must have been a keen one to that ardent soul, yearning to carry the good tidings to the benighted island in the far West. It was a disappointment only to be compensated for, when he sat upon the Papal throne, by sending the Prior of his own monastery, St. Augustine, to carry the faith to our pagan forefathers. Later on, the monastery sent an Archbishop to Canterbury, St. Lawrence, and a Bishop to London, St. Mellitus. Many centuries have passed since Rome sent St. Augustine to England, many changes have swept over Rome and England, but the memory of that mission seems to linger still on the Cœlian Hill. And the old monks tell their visitors, with a smile, that they are the "protectors of England."

On the last day before leaving Rome came the crowning event of the Pilgrimage: the audience with the Pope. Some time before the appointed hour the English were marshalled

into the Sale Ducale, where they were to be received by the Holy Father. Including the pilgrims and residents they numbered about 1,300, the largest body which has assembled for a similar purpose since the Reformation. Soon after four o'clock the Holy Father came into the hall, and was received by hearty cheers, to which he responded by a gracious salutation.

Those who were happy enough to be near the dais obtained a good view of the Holy Father. They were able to observe the spare, emaciated figure, the white, alabaster-like face, the noble brow bearing witness to a great mind and giant intellect, the keen eye undimmed by age, the wonderful smile whose expression no painter has ever caught. It lights up the whole face with a tender, kindly gleam, as the sun illumines a snow-clad mountain peak. The manner is full of a winning grace, which possesses an irresistible fascination; every movement is rapid, incisive. And over all there lies an air of wondrous majesty, an ethereal dignity, befitting him who holds God's place on earth. Thus does the aged Pontiff produce an indescribable impression: as of one on a higher level than the rest of mankind, a denizen of another sphere, *lumen in celo*; a strange contrast of power and weakness; an old man, bowed by the weight of years, but able to bear the solicitude for all the Churches; a sovereign and a father; inspiring awe indeed—the awe which accompanies every manifestation of the supernatural—but no fear; as wholly loveable as he is wholly worthy of our deepest reverence.

The Cardinal made a brief address in Italian, after which the Address of the English Catholics was read and presented, the Pope looking surprised as well as pleased to hear it had received three hundred and fifty thousand signatures. He spoke a few words in firm, deep tones, though not without effort. His reply to the Address was then read whilst he listened attentively, lending emphasis to the chief points by a kindly, graceful motion of the hand. When it was finished he rose, whilst all knelt, to give the Apostolic Benediction. Like an inspired prophet he raised his hands to heaven, and then, with outstretched arms, he slowly and solemnly bestowed the great blessing upon the English race.

The pilgrims were now allowed to range themselves along the corridor where the Holy Father was to pass, so that all might kiss his hand and receive a special blessing. He was carried slowly along, up one side of the ranks and down the

other. To some he spoke a few words, others received a hearty hand-shake, whilst all were greeted by the same kindly smile which seems to come straight from the Father's heart. It was nearly dark by the time the audience was over, and the pilgrims assembled in St. Peter's for the closing act of the pilgrimage: the singing of the *Te Deum* beneath the dome.

Event succeeds event, and impressions are apt to fade quickly; but surely all who have been gathered together in Rome, will carry into their lives something deeper than an impression, more enduring than emotion: a more vivid realization of the great gift of faith, a more fervent zeal, a more practical loyalty to the See of Peter. The Acts of the Apostles tell us that when St. Peter was thrown into prison, "supplication was made in the Church without ceasing" until the Lord sent His Angel to deliver him. God's power is not lessened to-day. Shall it be said that our hearts are too cold, our faith too weak to move Him to break the bonds which hamper the action of our Head, though the powers of evil can never overcome God's Church?

Audenarde.

AN invitation to Audenarde was very welcome, coming to me, as it did, between two pieces of work, one of which had left me fairly tired, and the other required me to be fairly rested. I have been greatly interested in the historical old town, and what has interested me may possibly interest my readers. I begin at the railway station of Audenarde. The servant who came to meet me, had been told that though I was a priest, he would find me dressed *en monsieur*. "Oh," said he "one never has any difficulty in recognizing a priest dressed *en monsieur*." So we, English priests, are all "dressed *en monsieur*," without knowing it. Indeed, I am not sure whether something worse is not said of us sometimes, for our French Fathers in England speak of us as *en clergyman*, which is more humiliating still. As I was standing in the station at Ghent, waiting for my train, I saw that attention was drawn to me, and that people turned and looked, while I said to myself, "They take me for a parson." I felt inclined to exorcise the supposition by a great sign of the Cross. However, it cannot be denied that our "continuity" friends in England have managed to usurp our appearance, so that the dress that some years ago Catholics thought alarmingly priestly, now hardly distinguishes us from the clergymen, who want to be called priests. I made up for it at any rate when I went out in the morning to say Mass, by wearing my berretta in the street.

I had not far to go for Mass, for a convent chapel adjoins the house in which I was so hospitably lodged. It is hardly possible to say Mass in a new place, and especially in a foreign country, without something occurring worthy of remark. Here, and elsewhere in Belgium, the server kneels down when he enters the sacristy after Mass, for the priest's blessing. I remember seeing the same thing at the Chiesa Nuova in Rome. The Pope's prayers at the end of Mass are in Latin, but I was sorry to find that the congregation leave the answers entirely to the

server. He takes the alternate verses of the *Salve Regina* with the priest, which is much more in accordance with the Decrees that interpret the Pope's orders, than our ordinary fashion in England, where the priest says the whole *Salve* alone.

The Latin of these prayers reminded me that in one particular, which the Scotch Bishops have rectified for Scotland, we in England are using a wrong translation. *Imperet illi Deus, supplices deprecamur*, are the Pope's words. "The Lord rebuke thee" is the Douay translation of *Increpet Dominus in te*, in Zacharias iii. 2; but the Pope's quotation is from Jude 9—*Imperet tibi Dominus*, and this naturally appears in the Douay version as "The Lord command thee."

The early hours of these Flemish towns put our English ways to shame. Mass in the convent chapel of which I have been speaking is at six all the year round, excepting just this present month, when priests are accustomed to their holiday. My Mass is at seven, and I hear the convent bell ring out at half-past six, to give warning that there will be Mass. I was surprised to find that though there was no other notice given that there would be Mass at an unusual time, there was quite a congregation to hear Mass, and to go to Communion before and in the midst of it.

My kind friends took me first to a sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin a mile or two out of Audenarde. On the south of the town a little chain of hills pleasantly diversifies the ordinarily level plain of East Flanders. The view of Audenarde and of the valley of the Escaut or Scheldt, as we mount the hill-side, is very charming, and on the highest ground we come to the quaint old chapel of "Our Lady of the cherry-tree." Kerselaar is its Flemish name, and the range of hills takes its name from the sanctuary. The chapel was built in 1455, and being soon destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt almost immediately. It soon became famous. In 1480 Mary of Burgundy and Margaret of York visited this little sanctuary of our Blessed Lady. In 1513 Maximilian of Austria made a pilgrimage to it; in 1557 Philip II.; and in 1625 the Archduchess Isabella Eugenia. *Ex votos* soon enriched the chapel, which of course were seized and appropriated at the French Revolution, but amongst them there was one which was not worth much to the spoiler, though it gave a second name to the sanctuary. Josse de Joigny, baron of Pamele, brought with him from Egypt in 1555 a crocodile, which was hung up in the church, and thence came the name

of "Onze Lieve Vrouw van Kerselaar van Krokodil"—"Our dear Lady of the cherry-tree of the crocodile." A wooden crocodile replaces the ancient *ex voto* in the nave, and in one of the side chapels a small stuffed crocodile before the altar looks equally strange and out of place. The modern *ex votos* are of another sort, for it is the custom to hang on the walls pictures of children, who are specially commended to our Blessed Lady.

A few days before my visit thousands of the faithful from all parts of Flanders and the Hainaut had assembled to do honour to "Our Lady of the cherry-tree." The statue was brought into Audenarde, and solemnly crowned by the Bishop of Ghent, after a Pontifical High Mass sung by him in the market-place. The altar, erected in the open air, had the finest background conceivable, for the Gothic Hôtel de Ville of Audenarde, against which it stood, is one of the finest of the extremely fine Hôtels de Ville for which Belgium is famous. The market-place is the largest in the country, and the multitude of persons who assisted at the Mass was immense. The statue of our Lady in her cherry-tree was borne through every street of the town before it was taken back to the sanctuary of Kerselaar, and the length of the procession was such that it took three-quarters of an hour to pass any given point. In addition to the religious procession and that of numberless deputations from all the neighbouring villages, there was a *cortège historique*. For the management of mixed processions of this kind no people can compare with the Belgians, who spare no expense in their preparation, and show an admirable taste.

On our return from Kerselaar we stopped at Edelare to visit the church. It has been recently rebuilt, and but little is left of the original building. Two incised slabs of priests interested me. One was dated 1500, and the other twenty-two years later, both representing priests in very full pointed chasubles, with chalices beneath their joined hands. The later monument had this singularity, that the effigy of the priest's mother is given by his side—a thing that I do not remember ever to have seen elsewhere. I regret to add that the flag on which every one has to tread who enters the church, is an ancient altar-stone, with its five crosses very distinct. It seems incredible that such a thing should have escaped recognition on the part of the pious and excellent parish priest, to whose zeal the rebuilding of

the church is due. I can only account for it by supposing that he would think a stone was not consecrated unless it had sunk in it what is called the "sepulchre" for the relics ; but the fact is that in ancient times the relics were not placed *in*, but beneath the altar-stone.

If we had continued our drive a little further, we should have come upon a town, named Maria Hoorebeke, which has this peculiarity, quite singular in Flanders, that it has in its midst a small community of Flemish Protestants. They are the descendants of the Gueux of the sixteenth century. They are in all about two hundred, and as they always intermarry, their numbers are diminishing. At least half of them are the descendants of a Captain Blommaert. They are said to be a very well-behaved, honest set of people, as might be expected of a small minority in the midst of an adverse population.

When I was ready to see what Audenarde had to show me, my kind hosts did me an excellent service. They were so good as to introduce me to their near neighbour, who, holding a high office in the town, devotes his leisure to its antiquities. Besides the very knowledge that I wanted most in my guide, he possesses the most singularly obliging nature, and I could not help seeing that he took great pleasure in the pleasure he gave me. To my shame he answered to my remonstrances at the inroads I made upon his time, that in England a stranger always received the most devoted attention. I could not but feel that if it were on that score he bestowed on me such pains, I certainly was receiving them under false pretences.

Amongst many interesting things that my kind friend showed me was the parish church of Notre Dame de Pamele. It is a really fine building in the transition style between the round arch and the pointed Gothic, which however has suffered greatly in antiquarian interest by the completeness of its modern restoration. Its history is singular. Arnould IV., Sire d'Audenarde, built a chapel on this site in 1177, which later gave way to a large church. In the outer wall of the choir of the existing church, there is a stone which records the date of its commencement, and the name of its architect. The inscription in Lombardic letters runs thus :

ANO : DM : Mº : CCº : XXXº : IIII : IIII
 ID : MARTII : INCEPTA : FVIT
 ECCLIA : ISTA : A : MAGRO
 ARNVLPHO : DE : BINCHO.

The date here given is March 12, 1234; and the name of Arnulph, or Arnold de Binche, is found in a charter dated in February, 1247, signed by him as Canon of Cambray. The architect was therefore an ecclesiastic.

In the French Revolution that happened to the poor church which happened to so many others at the period. It was sold in 1798, and its purchaser had no thought except to realize the value of its materials. It was offered for sale in nine lots, but no one could be found to bid for it under such conditions. Later it was bought outright by some pious people, in the hope that one day it might be restored. In 1865, the *Conseil de la Fabrique* began to stir, the church meanwhile having become more and more seriously dilapidated. In 1870, M. Van Assche, the architect, estimated the cost of restoration at 95,000 francs. Nothing can be done without the intervention of the Government, and its comment on the estimate was that it was too little, so a new estimate was made which rose to 173,000 francs, and this I am told has been considerably exceeded. The manner in which this large sum has been raised is very characteristic of modern times and the position of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century, even in a good little country like Belgium. Keeping the supervision in its own hands, the Government undertook to contribute 4,000 francs a year, the Province 2,000, the Commune 3,000, and the Fabrique 3,000, leaving the Curé to find the rest. The contribution of the Commune underwent the vicissitudes of the political condition of the country. In 1871, the *Conseil Communale* agreed to give a sixth of the original estimate. In the following year the Liberals came into power, and there was not a single Catholic member of the *Conseil*. The promise towards the church was then recalled and all help refused. In 1875 a new election had placed six Catholics and five Liberals in the *Conseil*, and when the grant to the Church of Pamele was proposed again, all the Liberals absented themselves, and the Catholics carried the grant of 3,000 francs a year. All these grants put together would go but a little way to the restoration of a church that was estimated to cost 173,000 francs, and if it had not been for the very liberal gift of a devout Catholic, the Curé would never have seen the old Church of Notre Dame de Pamele restored to God's service and the use of the parish. It seems hard that when the amount contributed by the Government is paltry, it should have a preponderating voice, so that nothing

can be done without its permission and supervision. Such, however, is the condition of the Church in other countries besides Belgium. The clergy would in many places be better off without the wretched *traitement* accorded by the Government as some compensation for the stolen property of the Church, but to set the Church free is no part of the policy of the civil rulers of France or Belgium. The latter country, with a Catholic Ministry in power, receives no great hurt, but if the Liberals should again get the upper hand, the Church would again suffer grievously from their tyranny.

Other times had other tyrannies. Audenarde has had its share of them. It had two great castles, which are indeed its most prominent features in old plans and pictures of the town. One was the Château de Bourgogne, called in Flemish the Nieu Casteel; the other was the Château de Pamele with seven towers, separated from Audenarde by the Escaut. The Sire de Pamele was one of the "quatre Bers de Flandre,"—*Bers* (the Latin *Vir*) being in romance the nominative, while the other cases were *Baron*, meaning "free man, noble." In the Church of Notre Dame there are two fine monuments of successive Bers de Pamele, with their wives. These fine recumbent effigies have survived the ill-usage to which they have been subjected on more occasions than one. Indeed, my kind guide told me that owing to his expostulations they are no longer covered with chairs.

The tyrannies of the castles are not associated with the builders and the rightful lords of those castles. In the eventful days of the Reformation, the two strong places fell into the hands of the Gueux, at the head of whom was the James Blommaert, already mentioned as the ancestor of half the Protestants now living in Maria Hoorebeke. The Gueux were the Calvinist Revolutionists who waged a war of extermination against Catholics, under the pretext of religious liberty. They took their name from an unfortunate saying of the Count de Berlaymont. When Margaret of Austria, Duchess of Parma, the sister of Philip II., was alarmed at a protestation brought by four hundred Protestants, Berlaymont, one of her councillors in the government of the Low Countries, to reassure her said: "Ce ne sont que des gueux," alluding to the plainness of their dress. The Protestants adopted the term of contempt, much as Wesleyans in England called themselves "Methodists." The Gueux were guilty of seditious

and irreligious excesses in many places of Belgium, and their work of destruction has left its traces only too plainly visible to this day in the churches of this Catholic country.

Audenarde was famous for its tapestry, and the local boast is that the well-known Gobelin manufactory had its origin here. Its name is derived, according to the Audenarde tradition, from Jan Gobeelen, *tapijtwever*, as his trade was called in Flemish. Another of the same trade was James Blommaert, a wealthy man who belonged to the Barony of Pamele. He became a Calvinist, and was a ringleader in the Calvinist outbreak at Audenarde, where "on the feast of St. Bartholomew, 1566, they pulled down and destroyed all the images, relics, seats, books, shrines, altars, and the like, in all the churches, chapels, religious houses, and hospitals in the town of Audenarde." This description of their proceedings is taken from the register of St. Walburga's Church, where it is recorded in the handwriting of the parish priest, Paul Van Coye, who was afterwards put to death out of hatred of the Catholic faith by the Gueux.

After his share in this exploit Blommaert left Audenarde, where the magistrates in his absence sentenced him to exile and forfeiture of his goods. Against this he had provided by carrying away his possessions, so that when he offered himself to William of Orange, he could bring more to his service than his strong arm and his fertile brain. After a time spent in destructive work near Antwerp, while "the Gueux of the Woods," as they were called, were employed in similar havoc in East Flanders, Blommaert was sent by William of Nassau as his representative to Audenarde, to bring the town over peaceably if possible, but if that were impossible, then by force of arms. Blommaert's first commission from the Prince of Orange was dated in July, 1571, to raise the province against the Duke of Alba, and two months later he was sent to do his worst at Audenarde. It was not till the following year that Blommaert succeeded in raising a band of four hundred Gueux in the village of Etichove, and with their help he made his entry into Audenarde by stratagem on the 7th of September, 1572. He obtained possession of the Castle of Pamele on the same day, and he soon effected an entry into the other castle, where he put the Mayor to death.

William of Orange had issued orders but a few days before the capture of Audenarde, that no Catholic was to be molested

on the plea of sedition or as a disturber of the public peace, and that those who professed the "Roman" religion were to have the same liberty as those who professed the "Evangelical." The sole effect that this proclamation produced on the Gueux, who had obtained a footing in Audenarde, was that for twenty-seven days they put no priest to death. They spent the time, however, in hunting them down. On the very day of their entrance into the town, as they went from the gate to the market-place they met two priests near St. Walburga's, whom they beat and wounded seriously. The next day they went to the Convent of the Friars Minor, where they had heard that some priests and some laymen had taken refuge, and these they treated in the like barbarous fashion. The friars they shut up without food or drink. An old and venerable ecclesiastic, John Mahusius, who for his merits had been nominated to the see of Daventry, but now in extreme old age was unable to move without help, they threw from his bed on to the pavement, and they struck and ill-treated him.

The Convent of the Friars Minor was on the city walls, and thus when priests were striving to fly from their persecutors, some entered into the convent, hoping, no doubt, so to make their escape from the town. As soon as they heard that the Gueux had invaded their religious refuge, these priests came out of their hiding-places and awaited their fate in the friars' church. They made their confessions to one another, and knelt to ask each others pardon of any wrong done. Of these brave priests, three were ultimately martyred, Peter Van den Hende and John Van Bracle, parish priests in St. Walburga's, of the second and fourth portion respectively,¹ and James De Deckere, an unbeneficed priest of Audenarde. These priests, with such of the magistrates of the town as were taken with them, were led through the streets, with their hands tied behind their backs, to the New Castle, or Royal Castle, as the Château de Bourgogne was called. Blommaert had taken possession of this castle as his own residence, and there he kept his prisoners, no fewer than seventeen priests and laymen being confined in the same room for two-and-twenty days, in which room there was but one bed.

On the first Friday they were left without food till the evening, and then they were offered nothing but meat, which

¹ In St. Walburga's there was the singular arrangement of four parish priests in the same church.

the prisoners for the faith all generously refused. When the twenty-second day of their captivity came, Blommaert ordered the priests—to whose number had been added John Van den Upstalle, parish priest of Pamele, who had been found in a private house, Paul Van Coye, the parish priest of the first portion of St. Walburga's, and James Van Anvaing, a sick priest who was suffering from their previous ill-treatment—these six priests he ordered to be transferred to the Castle of Pamele, where with much hard usage they were shut up in a dark turret. His purpose was to deprive the laymen of the help and support they derived from the counsels of their priests, and by threats and outrages from his soldiers, who were allowed access to the magistrates in their prison for two or three hours at a time, he strove in vain to overcome their constancy.

The six priests remained in the Castle of Pamele from the 27th of September to the 4th of October, when Blommaert hearing of the approach of the Comte de Rœulx with sufficient troops to dislodge him, knowing that his time was short, resolved on putting the priests to death. At seven o'clock in the evening, on the feast of St. Francis, they were taken from the Castle of Pamele back to the Royal Castle, and were told on the way to prepare themselves for death. On their arrival they were called one by one. The first summoned was Master Peter Van den Hende, the oldest of them all, who had been parish priest of the second portion of St. Walburga's for twenty-six years. He was taken to the washing-place of the castle, stripped to his shirt, his ankles were tied together, then his knees, and his hands being bound behind his back, he was thrown head downwards into the river through the opening made to draw water for the laundry. The others followed in this order, Master Paul Van Coye, Master James De Deckere, Master John Van Bracle, Master James Anvaing, and lastly, Master John Van den Upstalle, the parish priest of Our Lady of Pamele. These all died a martyr's death, except the sick and wounded man, James Anvaing, who floated down the stream, and was found alive 1,576 paces below the place where he had been thrown into the water.

The bodies of four of the martyrs were buried in St. Walburga's, and Master Van den Upstalle probably in his own parish church, but after all its desecration and restoration, the place of his interment is no longer known. There is, however, a picture of him, with an inscription, in the sacristy. In

St. Walburga's an incised slab with four effigies of priests in ample chasubles with orphreys on their albs and chalices resting on their breasts, covers the bodies of the four martyrs there buried, with a very long inscription in Flemish giving an account of their deaths. This inscription winds up with the chronogram

FrAnCIsCVs sChALda MVndat saCra Corpora QVINqVe.

The "Francis" refers to the Saint of the day on which they died, and the chronogram means "Francis in the Scheldt [or Escaut] cleanses five sacred bodies." This chronogram cannot be considered a good one, for every letter that is capable of a numerical value ought to be counted, and yet here the D in *mundat* is not reckoned in the date. The other letters, it will be seen, give the year 1572.

The Belgians are very fond of chronograms, and a somewhat better one than this may be seen in St. Walburga's Church, at the altar of St. James Lacoupe, one of the Gorcom martyrs, who was a native of Audenarde. It runs thus :

SanCto IaCobo LaCopIo aLDenarDensI
aLtare rItte saCraVIt
eCCLesIa IVbILans.

This gives the date 1868, which was the year of the erection of the altar. The Gorcom martyrs were canonized the year before.

It should be added that the stone now seen in the floor of the choir of St. Walburga's Church is not the original stone, of which it is an exact reproduction. In 1786 the old tombstone was transferred behind the high altar, but in 1871 it was replaced, and by a singular arrangement, it was covered by a new one. The original tombstone or inscription is recorded in the accounts of the town as paid for in 1593. They had waited for the death of the survivor of the martyrs, Anvaing, whose name and wonderful escape from death is mentioned in the inscription. He died on the 1st of February, 1590.

Cornelius Jansens, Bishop of Ghent, the well-known commentator on Scripture, sent his archpriest Peter Simons to Audenarde as soon as he heard of the martyrdom of the five priests. The Gueux and James Blommaert had left in extreme haste. Simons on his arrival heard the whole story from the eye-witnesses. Anvaing said that he was sent for into the

laundry while his predecessor Van Bracle was being tied, and he noticed how the holy martyr kept his eyes lifted up to heaven. For himself, the executioner upbraided him for not having taken off his boots, but in the hurry he was thrown into the river with them on, and so was Van den Upstalle, as was seen when his body was found. The Gueux departed immediately, without waiting for the Comte de Rœulx, and thus Peter Simons was able to superintend the burial of the martyrs in the church, which took place on the 6th of October, and was the first ceremony in the great church after it was sacked by the Gueux. The archpriest Simons wrote a full narrative of their martyrdom, which was published in 1881 by M. l'Abbé Adrien De Smet, the Superior of the College. This excellent priest laboured hard to obtain the canonization of the five martyred priests, and it is to be hoped that as he has died, his zeal in this good cause may have been inherited by some one of the devout and learned priests of the diocese of Ghent. Richard Verstegan, the Englishman in Father Persons' time, gave a print of these martyrs in his beautifully engraved *Theatrum crudelitatis*, and Englishmen in our time, who have learned to love their own martyrs and have rejoiced to see their canonization undertaken at Rome, cannot but be interested in other martyrs who gave their lives for the same holy cause at the same time elsewhere.

JOHN MORRIS.

The Berengarian Controversy and its Antecedents.¹

BERENGARIUS is interesting to the student of theology, because he was the first to make an attack which had the double character of being direct to the point and of gaining for itself notoriety, upon the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of His Body and Blood. In earlier times those who erred with regard to the twofold Nature or the Person of Christ, also and in consequence erred, but indirectly, in their Eucharistic doctrine, as we see testified by St. Ignatius, when he says of the Docetæ, "they abstain from the Eucharist because they do not confess it to be the flesh of Jesus Christ which suffered for our sins, and which the Father in His benignity raised from death."² Here it was not the Blessed Sacrament that the heretics immediately assailed, but, ascribing to Christ only the phantom of a body, they applied their false belief to the Eucharist secondarily and as the consequence of the more radical error.

The immunity of the Blessed Sacrament in early times from direct assault was partly due to the veil that was thrown over it by the observance of the *disciplina arcanæ*; but to attribute all to this cause would be an injustice to the conservative force of that strong, positive tradition which the Apostles and the Fathers had established in the Church. In number and in unmistakeable clearness the Patristic passages which can be quoted in favour of the Real Presence are well-nigh overwhelming; and yet, in the midst of these many and plain evidences, there occur some comparatively few and obscure utterances, which since the times of the Reformation have been strained to the utmost to give an air of authenticity to the Protestant heresy respecting the Blessed Sacrament.

¹ Berengar von Tours, sein Leben und seine Lehre, Ein Beitrag zur Abendmahlslehre des beginnenden Mittelalters. Von Dr. Joseph Schnitzer, Stuttgart. Jos. Roth'sche Verlagshandlung, 1892.

² Ad Smyrn, c. 7.

To understand the disputes about the Holy Eucharist which sprang up in the ninth century as a prelude to Berengarianism, the passages from the Fathers which are paraded as objections to our belief, offer a valuable key. The Fathers elaborated no scientific treatise on the Holy Eucharist; that was a much later work; but strong in the affirmation of what we know as Transubstantiation, and fearing no captious unbelievers, they used language freely, and trusted to a bold expression for not being turned to false advantage. They and all the faithful were well aware that in the Blessed Sacrament there was the visible symbol and that behind it lay the invisible things symbolized, namely, Jesus Christ in person, His union with the recipient of the Sacrament, and the graces thence ensuing. They saw that the gift of Christ's presence as it is now bestowed upon us is a pledge, or figure of the more perfect possession in Heaven. Therefore, when it served a purpose, they were fearless in saying that the Blessed Sacrament is a symbol of Christ's Body, an image of the unveiled reality. They wanted to insist that the appearances or species of the Sacrament are real, and so they called them bread and wine, which in outward show they literally are, while metaphorically the Sacrament is bread and wine, in the spiritual effects which as the food of the soul it produces. Exactly similar to the above are those phrases which provoked the disputations within the bosom of the Church in the ninth century; and to the illustration of this point the rest of the present article will be devoted.

Like most great controversies, the Berengarian had the way gradually prepared for it in minor disputations, which, stopping short of pronounced heresy, gave rise to utterances that were fraught with danger. We can put our hands on the book that first distinctly set the ball rolling, and then on others that bandied it about till the game grew to be far too serious for mere scholastic play within the bounds of orthodoxy, as was proved by the charge of downright heresy which was lodged before the highest ecclesiastical judge.

(1) Paschasius Radbertus, a Benedictine monk of old Corbey, published in 831 his book *De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*.¹ Writing in one of the approved schools of the Frankish Empire, which were demonstrably faithful to the doctrine of their early master, Alcuin, "that bread and wine are consecrated into Christ's Body and Blood,"² and, moreover, meeting with high approval

¹ Migne, vol. cxx. p. 1268.

² Ep. 90, Migne, tom. c. p. 289.

from his own contemporaries, the author cannot have denied the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. That he did not is witnessed by the fourth chapter, *Utrum sub figura an in veritate hoc mysticum calicis fiat sacramentum*. He does, however, use expressions which in these days of a better elaborated theology, with its apparatus of scientific terms, we should avoid, as for example, when carrying on an idea with which he starts his work, that to the Creator no change can be impossible, he calls what we know as Transubstantiation by the name of "creation," not however failing to call it elsewhere "conversion." "Creation" is a very inapt word because it suggests a newly produced Body of Christ on every altar, whereas there is only one Body, and what is produced is a new presence of this single substance. But that which specially started a discussion was his expression, true enough in itself, but needing qualification, that Christ's Body in the Blessed Sacrament is the same which was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered, was buried, and rose again from the tomb to ascend into Heaven. The next author whom we shall consider denied this, and was more imprudent in his denial than Paschasius had been in his affirmation.

(2) The authors of *La Perpétuité de la Foi*, tom. i. livre xii. art. ii. open the section thus: "Le livre du Corps et du Sang du Seigneur, attribué à Bertram, commença à paraître en Allemagne l'an 1532. Plusieurs crurent que c'était un ouvrage d'Ecolampade que ceux de son parti avait publié après sa mort, arrivée l'année précédente sous le nom d'un Auteur Catholique dont il est parlé dans Sigebert et dans Trithème avec beaucoup de louanges. Mais les anciens manuscrits qui s'en sont trouvés dans les bibliothèques ont fait reconnaître que ce n'était pas une pièce supposée." The work was not wholly a forgery, but it was a corrupted edition; and even when the incorrupt text had been secured, that also was found to be at least very far from satisfactory. It is the strange fate of the *De Corpore et Sanguine Domini* of Ratramnus¹ to have been acquitted, condemned, and dismissed with judgment suspended; it is acquitted by authorities as great as Petavius, Mabillon, Natalis Alexander, and Möhler; condemned by Bellarmine, Duperron, and most notable of all, by the Council of Trent, which put it on the Index; while judgment is suspended by Arnould, Döllinger,

¹ Migne, cxxi. p. 126.

Alzog, Schwane, and Hergenröther. So doubtful a compliment, could he have foreseen it, would hardly have proved satisfactory to a monk who had been asked to settle a question raised by his fellow-monk Paschasius, and asked, too, by an Emperor, Charles the Bald, who held it part of the Imperial tradition, bequeathed from Charlemagne, to watch over the orthodoxy of his subjects.

Yet strange as the result may seem, it is intelligible enough on consideration. From the Fathers the writers under the Frankish Emperors had received the doctrine of the Real Presence, and to that they tenaciously clung; but a scientifically formulated account as to the mode of the Presence they had not received, for theologians only began to elaborate one when the assertion of Radbertus, which the Fathers had made before him, that the sacramental Body of Christ was identical with the extra-sacramental Body, had the effect of setting men upon pursuing inquisitively the question how much was contained in the assertion. It is comparatively easy for us, with all that the labour of centuries has provided ready to our hands, to formulate a reply, though even we have to study for years before we reach an exact understanding of our theological text-books; but from Ratramnus, however orthodox he was, the task was almost sure to draw crudities of expression that looked very like heresy, or the denial of his own professed faith in the Real Presence.

Let us see a little of what philosophy is involved in the inquiry, Is the sacramental the same with the extra-sacramental Body? During life on earth Christ had a Body perceptible to sense, passible and mortal, not naturally compressible within the limits of a small altar-bread. At the Resurrection the Body underwent a change, assuming the glorified state and becoming imperceptible to sense, impassible and immortal. Yet to say that only after this transformation could Christ enter into the sacramental species and become food for man, is a proposition contradicted by what passed in the Supper-room before the glorified condition was taken up by Christ.

Moreover, the glorified state is not straightway the sacramental state: a further element has to be provided for, the binding of Christ's Body to the species of bread, so that when the latter is eaten the former also is eaten, while the substance of bread, as Ratramnus properly teaches, no longer exists. Some theory of substance and accidents a man must have before his mind if he is to speak clearly on such a point; yet no

theory had been worked out at the time of which we now speak, nor would any theory be scientifically evolved till Berengarius had been for years in his grave. Therefore we have every right to abstain from severe censure on Ratramnus, accounting for his apparently heretical utterances, which were mingled together with other utterances that have an equal appearance of orthodoxy, by saying that his knowledge was unripe for the use to which he put it when he undertook to tell an Emperor judicially that Christ's Body in the Sacrament is not the same as Christ's Body out of the Sacrament. It is the same, but the same with differences; and whereas the sameness is in essentials while the differences are in accidentals, it follows that if we are to pronounce upon answers that are given unqualifiedly, we must say that Radbertus gives the better in pronouncing for identity and Ratramnus the worse in reversing the judgment of his brother monk, of whom, however, he makes no mention; still less does he enter into a detailed examination of the rival treatise *De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*.

In support of our contention we will run through the pages of Ratramnus, not seizing on every significant sentence, but fixing on such as are fairly decisive of the general drift. "You have commanded, Most Illustrious Prince," he begins, "that I make known to your Highness what is my doctrine about the mystery of Christ's Body and Blood." He finds two questions raised, the first of which he states thus: "While some of the faithful hold that the daily celebration in the Church of Christ's Body and Blood takes place under no figure or veil, others say that the Body and the Blood are mysteriously contained under a figure, and that it is one thing which appears to the senses, and another thing which is perceived by faith; whence has sprung no small divergence of opinion."¹ Obviously the former of the two parties when they denied the "figure" or the "veil," did not, for they could not, suppose a sensibly perceptible presence of Christ in His unveiled Humanity. The second question is "whether the same Body which was born of the Virgin Mary, which suffered, died, and was buried, which sits at the right hand of the Father, is the Body that is daily received into the mouths of the faithful through the sacramental mysteries."²

¹ C. 2.

² C. 50. Those who want a more exhaustive treatment may consult Dr. Schnitzer or the Dissertation by the Parisian theologian, James Boileau, which is appended in the Migne collection, vol. cxxi. p. 171.

In reply to the first of the two queries, Ratramnus starts from definitions of his own: "Let us define what is *figure* and what is *truth*."¹ Figure he describes so awkwardly as not by force of his explanation to exclude an heretical sense from his assertion, that it is the figurative body which we receive; he ought to have been more guarded, and would have been so, had the Protestant denial of the Real Presence been common in his day, instead of being a thing as yet not brought into prominence. Next, his definition of "truth" leaves him free to say, in his sense, but not in ours, that the "true Body" of Christ is not present in the Eucharist. "The truth of a thing," he says, "is the clear showing forth of it (*manifesta demonstratio*), unconcealed by any shadowy shapes."² Of course Christ is not unveiled in the Blessed Sacrament, but to deny therefore that He is *truly* present is a most dangerous mode of expression and sure to lead to difficulties: *Hinc ille lacrymæ*—hence all those consequences that deserve to be wept over in the subsequent course of the Eucharistic controversy. Insisting on mystery as exclusive of "truth," the author proceeds to assert a true presence in our meaning of the word; for he argues, "if there were no change wrought by the consecration, then we should have afterwards what we had before; whereas in matter of fact we have something else, because the bread becomes the Body and the wine becomes the Blood of Christ."³ We have therefore a Body and a Blood which are pronounced not "true," only because they are concealed under sacramental veils, and do not openly appear to the eyes. "It is the Body and the Blood of Christ that the faithful confess to be present, and therein they declare that what before existed does not exist afterwards; which implies that there has been a change." Transubstantiation is asserted here, but the author being ignorant of any developed philosophy about substance and accidents, soon loses the clearness of his own teaching, such as he received it from an unbroken and quite primitive tradition of the Church. All the same he is clear-minded enough to observe that it would be an extreme error on the part of opponents to his view if in consequence of their opinion they were "compelled to maintain that the Eucharist is not Christ's Body and Blood, a thing which it is an impiety not only to utter aloud but even secretly to think."⁴

There are indeed some incautious words occurring in the next chapter which might be given a Calvinistic

¹ C. 6.² C. 8.³ C. 13.⁴ C. 25.

meaning, to the effect that the species are Christ's Body *secundum potentiam*, an expression which is backed up in the final summary of the whole response to the first question by the phrase, "the minds of the faithful are fed *juxta potentioris virtutem substantiæ*."¹ The Calvinist would quote from the two short chapters immediately preceding: "What do we learn but that the Body and the Blood of Christ are therefore called *mysteria* because they have a hidden disposition, that is, the effect which they inwardly work beyond the range of sight is alien to what they outwardly seem. Whence they are called *sacramenta* because under cover of a corporeal vesture the Divine power secretly works out the salvation of the recipients."² He might infer from expressions such as these a merely dynamic as distinguished from a substantial presence of Christ's Body: he might argue that Christ worked effects of grace under the veil without being there present in His own Human Nature; just as Christ works in the baptismal water, though His Human Nature, not being ubiquitous, is not present in the water. The real explanation, however, of the position taken up by Ratramnus is, that in his zeal to say that the sensible elements which are left as species of the Sacrament, hide beneath them something far greater than they themselves are, and that in the substance thus hidden is a power to sanctify souls such as never could be due even to the substances of bread and wine, were these present, much less to the mere outer appearances of these substances, the author uses expressions which seem to carry a meaning far in excess, as we can give reason to believe, of his actual intention. His argument from the words of consecration shows his belief in more than a dynamic presence which is without the substance of Christ's Humanity: "No one of the faithful, we assume, doubts that what was bread has been turned into the Body of Christ" (quite an anti-Calvinist phrase), "which Body He gives to His disciples, saying, *This is My Body that shall be delivered for you*: neither does the believer doubt that the chalice contains the Blood of Christ, about which the same Saviour said, *This chalice is the New Testament in My Blood which shall be shed for you*."³ It is the *true* Body which is present, if by *true* we mean the one bodily nature which actually is Christ's; it is not the *true* body, if by *true* we mean with Ratramnus a body manifested directly by its own natural appearances. The presence

¹ C. 48.² Cc. 47, 41.³ C. 28.

is veiled in mystery and the mode of reception in Holy Communion is also mysteriously accommodated to the laws of propriety; for it would be a most criminal impropriety, quite a sacrilege,¹ that there should be what is called a Capharnaite eating of our Lord's Body, such as the gross minds of the men of Capharnaum² conceived and against which they levelled their complaints, when it was signified to them, as they supposed, in a "hard saying" that no intelligent person could bear to hear. As a fact, the mode of eating is "spiritual" if compared to the manner of an ordinary partaking of flesh. All the same it is real, a real reception within mouth and stomach of the real flesh of our Saviour. Correctly, therefore, in essence, but in detail with many inappropriate, misleading, wrong forms of expression, and not without some confusion in his inner mind does Ratramnus respond to the first question, namely, Is it the *true* or the *figurative* Body of Christ that is present in the Holy Eucharist? He wishes to reply, *true* in its substance, but *figurative* so far as it is not seen directly, being indirectly shown forth in symbolic appearances of bread and wine which typify the heavenly food that lies beneath them as its sacramental veils.

Secondly, Ratramnus inquires, Is the sacramental Body the same with the extra-sacramental? No clear reply can he give unless he first does what he fails to do, that is, unless he frames to himself some sort of a philosophy, however inadequate, of the multi-location of one substance in separate parts of space. Naturally such multi-location cannot be: it is contrary to all our experience of space-occupancy, according to which, in law, a proved *alibi* is always deemed conclusive against a man's presence on the spot asserted by the adverse party. Nevertheless, natural reason, speculating on space, is easily led to suspect that many possibilities are there realizable the assertion of which the ordinary imagination would shrink from with incredulity; so that when revelation tells us that one and the same Body of Christ which has its proper place in Heaven, also makes itself present at the same time on many altars throughout the world, we have no justification, from our own intellectual stand-point, for refusing to believe what we are told on the very highest authority. With Ratramnus, however, the fault was not one of incredulity before a truth beyond his own comprehension: it was one of neglected preliminaries before undertaking an investigation that needed a preparatory

¹ Cc. 29, 33, 34.² St. John vi. 53.

clearing of the way; no wonder, then, that he is so obscure. He soon allows his second inquiry to merge into the first, from which indeed it can hardly be kept apart, and he returns back to his old distinction between a *true* and a *figurative* Body, arriving at the conclusion that as the sacramental is a *figurative*, while the extra-sacramental is a *true* Body, the two cannot be identical.

If we take up his book once more and follow our previous method of considering the chapters successively and selecting expressions that are critical in relation to the case in hand, we shall come across the same infelicities of speech, behind which is the same occasional confusion of thought. As before he sets aside the error that the substance of bread and wine remain after the consecration:¹ not they but some other substance is present—a Body of Christ; but what Body? In his answer Ratramnus uses largely sentences borrowed from St. Ambrose, and in the course of his quotations actually cites words which seem the opposite of those in which at last he formulates his own conclusion. The words taken from St. Ambrose are these: "Indeed it is the *true* flesh which was crucified and was buried: truly, therefore, is it the Sacrament of His flesh, since Christ Himself cries out, *This is My Body*."² However, it may be one thing to say that we have the *true flesh*, and another that we have the *sacrament* of the true flesh. So let us go further. Our advance brings us back to the previous alternative between *truth* and *figure*: and again we are told, in the same sense as before, to pronounce in favour of *figure*. "It is certainly the Body of Christ, but not after a bodily manner, rather after a spiritual manner: it is the Blood of Christ, but not after a bodily way, but rather after a spiritual way. Here, therefore, everything is to be conceived not corporeally but spiritually: it is Christ's flesh, but not corporeally; Christ's Blood, but not corporeally."³ Just as what is said of the humiliation of Christ's Human Nature is by a confusion of the two Natures within one and the same Person, transferred to His Divinity which it cannot possibly affect, so what is said of the spiritualization of Christ's Body in the sense that it is a glorified Body, not subject to the ordinary laws regulating the activity and the passivity of matter, as also what is said of the spiritual way in which Christ's Body is united to the sacramental species, is easily transferred, by oversight, to the very essence or nature of the Body itself,

¹ C. 54.² C. 56.³ C. 60.

being made to mean that this is not truly a bodily substance, not the very Body of Christ. These are confusions of thought easily fallen into, though it is perfectly credible that a body may preternaturally assume some modes of action proper to a spirit, but cannot become simply a spirit, or it would cease to be a body at all. Christ's Body is spiritually eaten, but that does not mean that the real Body does not enter within the receiver; it means only that the Body enters as a spirit enters, without mutilation of parts, without even sensible contact as far as the Body itself is concerned. Yet how easy it is to confuse such spiritual eating with what we ordinarily, within the strict bounds of nature, know as a figurative eating, such as that of a devout person who goes spiritually to Communion when actual Communion is not granted. Again, how easy it is to transfer what is said of the sacramental species to the Body which these contain, and to speak of their unsubstantial character, or inability to work any spiritual effect otherwise than by deputy, just as though all this had reference to Christ's Body in its Eucharistic state, which theologians, when they explain the sacrificial character of the Mass, call a state of victimization. Constantly we find Ratramnus wanting in clearness about distinctions of the above character: no wonder, then, that though he passed for a good Catholic among his contemporaries, as soon as Reformation theories were spread abroad, much was found in him that could be made to signify a denial of the Real Presence, and could justify the Council of Trent in putting so ambiguous a work on the Index. The Reformers would take after their own unorthodox signification words that we, with better reason, know to be only a clumsy expression of the orthodox teaching. An example is furnished by a sentence like the following: "The Body which Christ took of the Virgin Mary, which suffered, and was buried, and which rose again, was a *true* Body, that is, one which remained *visible and tangible*: but the Body which is called Christ's Sacrament (*mysterium*) is not corporeal but spiritual, and therefore *not visible and not tangible*." The latter Ratramnus calls a Body *in figure*, that is, one represented through the appearance of bread and wine,¹ but not giving direct manifestation of itself.

After the above explanations it is legitimate to conclude that when in answer to his second question, Is Christ's sacramental the same as His extra-sacramental Body, he answers that the two greatly differ, and within one short chapter reiterates, *Non*

¹ C. 62.

sunt idem, non sunt idem,¹ the blow to orthodoxy is not anything so terrible as might appear from the force of the words in their isolation. When again he says, "This bread and this drink are Christ's Body and Blood, not as to what *appears*, but according as they are the means of spiritually ministering to us the substance of life,"² we see no assertion of a mere dynamic Presence, but we see the assertion of the substantial Body of Christ as present under the species and by instrumentality of these made available as the food of life. Undoubtedly, chapter 84 is a vexatious, but not a desperate one; for it introduces what seems a test case in asking whether that can be predicated of Christ in His Sacrament which is predicated of Him outside His Sacrament, namely, that He is true God and true Man; and to deny this as Ratramnus does, is irritating, even though the denial includes no more than that of "true" Manhood and "true" Godhead, in the author's idiosyncratic sense of "truth" which we have already, in various passages, come across. Besides, the wording is obscure, and may signify merely the very obvious and innocent fact that the species themselves are neither Man nor God, but only contain and mystically point to the Man-God and His sanctifying action. (*Hæc dici non possunt secundum quemdam modum corpus Christi esse cognoscitur; et modus iste in figura est et imagine, ut veritas res ipsa sentiatur.*) His test of a *true* body, which is not ours, allows him to give only two cases in which he finds Christ's *true* Body; namely, the life-time of Christ upon earth when our Saviour was visible directly to human eyes, and His glorious presence in Heaven where He is directly perceptible to the company of the blessed.³ But after all these individual exhibitions of caprice in defining the sense of a word, Ratramnus returns to the proclamation of the old Catholic tradition of a Real Presence: "The bread with the chalice *is called and is* (*nominatur et existit*) Christ's Body and Blood."⁴ And to finish with a last quotation from the close of the book, we will take a sentence exhibiting the characteristic which we have been trying to illustrate throughout, a plain assertion of familiar Catholic truth, linked with a phrase that might, but is not meant to, rob the preceding phrase of its customary orthodoxy: "Let it not be supposed because of our words that in the mystery the Body or the Blood of Christ is not received by the faithful,

¹ C. 71.

² "Secundum quod spiritualiter vitæ substantiam subministrant," (c. 69.)

³ C. 98, cf. 92.

⁴ C. 97.

for faith receives not what the eye sees, but what itself believes."¹ Therefore it is a mere Presence to the faith of the believer, argues the Protestant. No, say we, it is all that we understand by a real substantial Presence, the effect of nothing less than transubstantiation.

(3) Rabanus Maurus, pupil of Alcuin, afterwards Abbot of Fulda, and at last Archbishop of Mainz, finds fault with Radbertus for saying that Christ's Body in and out of the Sacrament, is the same; he reverses the sentence, and speaking of the *Sacramentum*, distinguished as external symbol from the *res Sacramenti*, or thing symbolized, he says of the former what certainly, if applied to the latter, would be fatal to the doctrine of the Real Presence. In spite of his voluminous works (if we except the very clearly orthodox letter *ad Egilan*,² which Mabillon conjectures to be the work of Rabanus), we are dependent on report for his direct conflict with Radbert; since, however, he plainly defends transubstantiation, appealing, as usual, to the power that can create out of nothing in justification of the power to change one substance into another, he cannot be supposed to have held any other than the Catholic teaching. His Commentary on St. Matthew, at the point where he treats of the words of consecration, is very brief, and throws no light on the dogmatic position which we are examining; but in his treatise, *De Clericorum Institutione*,³ he is more diffuse, and speaks of the Blessed Sacrament as truly Christ's Body and Blood, not however without using some language that could be read by a Protestant according to his own will. It is enough for Rabanus that he is honoured in the Church as an orthodox writer.

(4) Scotus Erigena is a name that always suggests departure from ordinary grooves of thought; and in particular as regards the Holy Eucharist, Hincmar of Rheims lodges against him the accusation of teaching "that the Sacrament of the Altar is not the true Body and not the true Blood of our Lord, but only a memorial of the true Body and Blood." It was to Erigena that Berengarius appealed; it was Erigena who was denounced along with Berengarius, so much so that Synods at Paris, Vercelli, and Rome passed sentence of condemnation on the book of Scotus. Yet strange to say the very existence of this much reprobated book is now questioned. The work may be lost or it may never have been written, and may have owed the fame of its existence to a mistake whereby the work of

¹ C. 101. ² Migne, tom. cxii, p. 1510. ³ Bk. i. c. i.; Migne, vol. cvii. pp. 316, seq.

Ratramnus was fathered upon Scotus. Some critics regard this last conjecture as highly improbable, though in place of it they are unable to substitute a certain solution of the case. What makes the accusation against Erigena all the more puzzling, is that in his undisputed work no manifest error about the Blessed Sacrament is discoverable. The dog of course has a bad name, and therefore may be hanged on any count upon which he is suspected; his philosophy is bad, and therefore he was likely to go wrong on substance and accidents, reality and figure in the Holy Eucharist. But this is hardly good law. If he is condemned, it must rather be in reliance on the judgments pronounced against him so near to his own times by very competent tribunals.

Here we must end the list of names whose bearers took part in the controversy of the ninth century concerning the nature of Christ's Body as it lies on our altars and is received by our communicants. As we began with Radbertus, so with him we will conclude. Thirty years after he had written the work which stirred up the waters of contention, he was able calmly to review his position and to declare himself unchanged in opinion. In his *Expositio in Matthæum*,¹ he writes, "*This is My Body*. Let those give ear who want to minimize the word *Body*, as though it were not the true Flesh of Christ of which we now keep the celebration. For adversaries seek to pass off I know not what fiction of their own, as if the Sacrament were only the power of Christ's Flesh and Blood, not His true Flesh and Blood, thereby making Christ a liar, whereas He is the Truth itself, and as such declared, *This is My Body*. . . . *This is My Blood*. When He broke and gave bread to His disciples, He did not say, *This is*, or *in the Sacramental Mystery there is, the power or the figure of My Body*; but He said without any disguise, *This is My Body*. . . . Therefore I am at a loss to know what they can be about who affirm that in reality there is not the *truth* of Christ's Flesh and Blood, but the *virtue* of His Flesh and Blood; the *figure* and not the *truth*; the *shadow* and not the *Body itself*. . . . I have spoken more at length and more fully because I have heard that some blame me on account of a book that I wrote, as though in it I had attributed to the words of Christ a meaning beyond that to which He who is the Truth had therein pledged Himself. For my opponents fear that I go so far as to justify the dread of those to whom Christ spoke, and who left Him because of the scandal

¹ *Expositio in Matthæum*, lib. xii. c. 26; Migne, tom. cxx. p. 890.

they felt in the idea of dismembering the Body and dividing it into small portions. To them Christ said: *Are you scandalized at this? What if you saw the Son of Man going up to where He was before?* which was as much as to say: If you could understand My words, you would know that He who could return intact up to the place where He was before, being one and the same Christ, cannot be consumed part by part, and cannot be divided by the teeth of men. . . . In this, as in many other passages, we are made to recognize a Divine power far exceeding the reach of human intelligence."

These are noble utterances, quite orthodox and approved by some of the best witnesses to Catholic truth who lived in the same century with Radbertus, whose only fault, if fault it was, consisted in proclaiming without qualification the proposition which, under an obvious limitation, is so correct—the identity between the sacramental and the extra-sacramental Body of Christ. Of the ninth century writers who adhered to Radbert may be mentioned Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims; Haimo, Bishop of Halberstadt, a school-fellow of Rabanus; Florus, Deacon of the Church of Lyons; Druthmar, a learned exegetical writer; Walafrid Strabo, Abbot of Reichenau; Adrevald, a monk of Fleury; and Remigius of Auxerre, who, if the treatise attributed to him be really his, stated the case in dispute as clearly as could be desired. "As a mystery is that which signifies something other than itself, if on our altars we have the very Body of Christ, why is it called a mystery? Manifestly because, after the consecration, it is one thing that is (in substance) there, and another thing that appears to the eye. The appearances are of bread and wine, what in truth is there is Christ's Body with His Blood. So God in His omnipotence having regard for our weakness, and knowing that we are not used to eating raw flesh and drinking the blood, makes the two elements (bread and wine) to remain in regard to their outer forms, but causes that in truth there should be present the Body and the Blood of Christ."¹ So many and such powerful supporters would not have been at the back of Radbert had he been an innovator. Indeed he simply spoke the truth when he averred that in reference to anything like notable heresy on the question of the Real Presence, "no one

¹ *Exposit. de Celebratione Missæ*, Bib. m. Lugd. p. 956. Migne mentions this work along with that of Remigius, but prints it among the works of Alcuin. (Migne, tom. ci. p. 6.)

as yet is recorded to have gone astray, unless he held false views about Christ as such, though there have been many who have laboured under doubt or ignorance concerning so mysterious a sacrament."¹ It is thus that he speaks in a letter to Frudegard, repeating his doctrine of constant identity in the Body of Christ, and setting aside a difficulty drawn from St. Augustine by an appeal to the words of the same holy Doctor, and showing how Christ even outside the Sacrament can be called by St. Paul "the *figure* of the Father's substance."² "In nothing, as I think, does St. Augustine differ from the other Fathers, . . . but not all who read the blessed Augustine understand him." After a compendious sketch of what the other Fathers teach, he does not shrink from the assertion: "Though some have strayed from this doctrine through ignorance, no one as yet has been found openly to stand in contradiction to the faith and profession of the whole world. . . . Wherefore, most dear friend, set aside all doubt about the mystery wherein Christ, the Truth, has given Himself to us; who, though He sits at the right hand of the Father, does not disdain daily, under the sacramental veil, to be sacrificed as a true victim by the hands of His priest surely with a faithful, not with an unfaithful, immolation."³ So Radbertus ended, not retracting but reasserting his original proposition.

One use to be derived from a study like the above is a conviction that, whereas written testimony to the Real Presence is abundant, as is also the testimony of liturgies, ceremonies, and even of the very structure of our old churches, the weight of so much evidence is not to be counterbalanced by some apparent contradictions in Patristic or mediæval authors of approved orthodoxy; because the bulk of the passages thence brought against the main traditions can be explained on principles which it has been our chief endeavour to illustrate. For help in which work we are greatly indebted to our learned author, Dr. Schnitzer, whose monograph we sincerely commend to the attention of all who can read it with intelligence, assuring them that from the perusal, if to understanding they join honesty, they will be sure to draw a strengthened conviction that the doctrine of the Real Presence comes down to us by an unbroken tradition from Him whose Sacrament is pre-eminently the Holy Eucharist.

¹ Migne, p. 1362.² Hebrews i. 3.³ Pp. 1363, 1364.

The Lay-Brotherhoods of Seville.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Catholic Church is the wonderful and highly developed organization, not only of the clergy and the Religious Orders, among whom it is most conspicuous, but also of a large portion of the laity engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. Nowhere is this organization more complete than in Spain; and nowhere is it better illustrated than at Seville, a city which, since the expulsion of its Moorish rulers in 1248, has always been famous for its diligent observance of religious forms, and for its unsparing expenditure of wealth in the service of the Church. We will not, however, occupy ourselves here with the numerous religious associations of laymen similar to those found all over the Catholic world; the confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament; the guilds of the Rosary; the brotherhoods of the Servants of Mary; the sodalities of St. Aloysius, and other unions known in Spanish as *hermandades*, *congregaciones*, or *esclavitudes*.

In Spain and, above all, at Seville, a large body of laymen of all classes have been for centuries organized into religious societies of a peculiar class, known in the language of the country as *Cofradías de Misterios* or *Cofradías de Semana Santa*; confraternities outwardly distinguished by their being named after some mystery or sacred incident of the Passion, and by their custom of walking in penitential procession through the streets during Holy Week. The general characteristic of these societies is in fact that they were founded for the purpose of practising penitential exercises in common, especially that of walking for long distances in procession, while the brothers either scourged themselves with whips, or performed the milder penance of carrying lighted tapers in honour of Christ and the Blessed Virgin. According to their different modes of penance, the members of these confraternities were originally divided into the two classes of "brothers of blood" and "brothers of light" (*hermanos*

de sangre y de luz); and most of the confraternities contained representatives of both classes, although the latter alone survives to the present day. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, when Spain, only recently freed from the presence of the last infidel King of Granada, had taken her place among the most powerful of the nations of Europe; and when, moreover, the silver of the New World was beginning to flow abundantly into the coffers of the Old, an outburst of religious fervour took place in Seville; and one of the results of this increase of devotion showed itself in the dedication of much wealth to the formation of a large number of lay-brotherhoods of the fashion here described, which made it their object to commemorate in a special manner by the processions and flagellations already mentioned, some incident of the Passion, from which they took their names. The earliest of the lay-brotherhoods of this peculiar class seems to have been the Confraternity of Our Father Jesus of the Passion and Our Lady *de la Merced*, which is still flourishing, and has its headquarters at the Church of the Saviour; its first rule was drawn up in the year 1531. In 1535 was founded the Confraternity of the Sacred Decree of the Most Holy Trinity and Christ of the Five Wounds; the sacred decree signifies that by which from all eternity the Passion of the Son of God had been fore-ordained. From this time until 1623, these associations multiplied so rapidly that in the latter year a settlement was made by which many of them were united together, in order to reduce the total number; although the effects of this arrangement were not indeed permanent. Rodrigo Caro, the annalist of Seville, who died in 1647, speaks of forty confraternities existing in his time, and says that the total number of brothers amounted to 15,000. At the present day there are thirty-three *Cofradías de Semana Santa* in Seville, and ten in the suburb of Triana. A few have been founded since 1623, and two or three, after becoming extinct, have been revived during the present century.

Although, as it has been said, the general characteristic of these bodies is that they were founded to practise penitential exercises in commemoration of the Passion, many of them had other objects of a religious or charitable nature which are still more or less perfectly carried out; and some of them had been founded as pious associations before the epoch of Holy Week confraternities began at the middle of the sixteenth

century, and were simply reformed, developed, and provided with new statutes at that period. The Confraternity of the Holy Burial of Christ and the Virgin of Villaviciosa was established as a Holy Week confraternity, at the end of the sixteenth century, by a Genoese named Thomas Pessaro; but it was formed by the union under a new name and with a new object, of a Brotherhood of Light inaugurated in 1582 in honour of the image of Our Lady at Villaviciosa, with a brotherhood founded soon after 1248, to venerate a crucifix placed by the conqueror St. Ferdinand in a chapel which he built to receive it.

One of the most interesting of the congregations which we are now considering is the Confraternity of the Most Holy Crucifix of the Foundation and Our Lady of the Angels, sometimes called that of the Negroes, although for many years it has admitted whites among its members. Its history is as follows: Gonzalo de Mena, Archbishop of Seville, founded, about the year 1400, a hospital and chapel for the benefit of the many negroes who were living at Seville in those days in consequence of the slave-trade carried on between the ports of Andalusia and the coasts of Africa in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and he is said to have also formed a religious guild among the inmates of his hospital. The object of the good prelate was to protect and improve the bodily and spiritual condition of a much oppressed and despised class. A century and a half later, however, in 1554, when the introduction of black slaves into the Spanish possessions in America had also increased their number in Seville, this guild of negroes was formed into a Holy Week confraternity under the approbation of Archbishop Valdés; its rules, drawn up at this date, decree the formation of a procession with flagellation on the night of Maundy Thursday, the celebration of three annual festivals, namely, those of the Annunciation, the Invention of the Cross, and the Nativity of our Lady, and other religious acts. The title of the brotherhood was then that of *La Piedad y los Angeles*; it was later that it acquired its present name of the Crucifix of the Foundation, in allusion to the image which it still possesses, and which is believed to date from the times of Archbishop Gonzalo de Mena. In quite recent years, this confraternity, much reduced in numbers, was allowed to fall into decay, and many lamentable abuses were the result; but the present good Archbishop of Seville, Don Benito Sanz y Fores, who has now been raised to the purple, set himself the task

of reform, and placed a priest in charge of the hospital and chapel *de los Negritos*. This priest has dismissed unworthy brethren, dispensed that part of the revenues set apart for charity among deserving members, and placed the society on a new footing.

The little chapel of the Confraternity of the Negroes is modest in its adornments. Over the high altar, of white and gold, stands the image of Our Lady of the Angels, from which the society takes part of its title, and which is carried in the procession of Holy Week. On the left side is a second altar, behind which is the crucifix of the foundation, said to date from the very beginning of the fifteenth century. Against the right wall is a third altar, bearing evidences of the race which has here erected a shrine to the God who is not of the white men only; on one side of it stands the image of the negro Saint, Benedict of Palermo, canonized by Pius VII. in 1807; on the other is seen St. Elesban, King of Ethiopia; and in the middle is a painting which represents St. Iphigenia, said to have been baptized by St. Matthew in Ethiopia.

A distinguished member of this confraternity in the last century was Salvador de la Cruz, or the Negro of the Casa Honda, converted and baptized in 1729. The piety of this humble black was so remarkable, and his zeal in his office of majordomo of the brotherhood so fruitful in results, that he even persuaded the Cardinal Archbishop de Solis to enrol himself as a member in 1766. At that time no religious body was more conspicuous for the fervour of its devotion and the magnificence of its worship. In 1775, Salvador de la Cruz died, after an illness, during which the Cardinal Archbishop was a frequent visitor in his humble garret; and an immense concourse attended the funeral.

The Brotherhood of the True Cross was founded towards the middle of the fifteenth century with the object of commemorating the discovery of the sacred wood by St. Helena; it was not formed into a Holy Week confraternity until 1538. The Brotherhood of the Crucifix of St. Augustine was probably first established in the fourteenth century, as a union of some of the principal persons of the city, who provided for certain periodical solemnities in honour of an image of great antiquity and fame, but it did not acquire the character of a Holy Week confraternity until the middle of the sixteenth century.

Besides these bodies, which were originally founded with

somewhat different objects, and only later became Holy Week Confraternities of Blood and Light, there are some which, while belonging from the first to the latter important class of religious associations, have at the same time always had other distinct purposes in view. Such is the Confraternity of the Sweet Name of Jesus, the First Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ and Most Holy Mary of the Incarnation. This is one of a large number of brotherhoods founded by the Dominican Order, with the view of checking the blasphemous practice of introducing sacred names into conversation in oaths or as expletives. The first of such brotherhoods was established by Father Diego de Victoria at Burgos, in 1550, and that of Seville was instituted in 1572.

The Confraternity of the Buffet given to our Divine Redeemer appears to have been at its first foundation in 1585, a society for the protection of orphans and outcast children. That of the Crowning with Thorns was formed out of two brotherhoods: the one first established about 1450, to venerate a copy of the napkin of Veronica presented by the Cardinal Archbishop Cervantes; and the other founded early in the sixteenth century to pay honour to a relic preserved in the Church of St. Martin, and supposed to be one of the sacred thorns.

The Confraternity of Jesus of the Great Act of Power and Mary of the Greatest Sorrow and of the Swoon, was founded by the Duke of Medina-sidonia in 1431, and took its second title probably in reference to the church built on the Via Dolorosa at Jerusalem, to commemorate the meeting of Christ with His Mother on the road to Calvary, and the swoon which, according to tradition, followed that moment of greatest sorrow. It was not till the end of the sixteenth century that this society began to make processions in Holy Week.

We in the North can hardly understand the devotion which the hot southern imagination of the Spaniards leads them to feel for particular representations of Christ and the Virgin, venerable on account of their antiquity and associations. It seems certain that as the country was gradually won back from the Moors, many ancient images, hidden at the time of the Mahometan invasion, were found again, sometimes under circumstances that appeared to be miraculous. Societies were accordingly formed to pay honour to these *simulacra*, and in this way several associations had their origin, which afterwards

became Holy Week confraternities. Such is the Confraternity of Jesus the Nazarene and Our Lady de la Antigua, founded early in the sixteenth century to venerate a statue which still stands over one of the altars of the Cathedral of Seville, and a copy of which was carried about by Charles V. during his campaigns. Such is, too, the Confraternity of Christ of the Seven Words and Our Lady of La Cabeza. The image of the Virgin of La Cabeza is said to have been found by a shepherd in 1227, while feeding his flock on a mountain of the Sierra Morena, known as La Cabeza, near Andújar; according to the tradition, the figure was hidden in a thicket, and its presence was made known by a miraculous light and the sound of a bell. A copy of it is kept by the Confraternity in their chapel in the Church of St. Vincent at Seville; the original is at Andújar. The Confraternity of Our Lord Jesus Christ Crucified and Our Lady *de la Iniesta*, or of the Broom, began in 1438, to commemorate the finding of the latter image a hundred years before on a hill-side in Catalonia covered with broom; but it was not till 1560 that it acquired the first part of its present title and its character as a Holy Week confraternity.

Several of the Holy Week confraternities originated in the desire of certain members of the same social class, or of strangers of the same race, to unite themselves together for religious objects. Thus that of the Sacred Prayer in the Garden was founded in 1560 by some of the shipowners of Seville, who wished to devote part of their riches, acquired by trading with the New World, to the service of the Church. Such was the wealth of this association that, even as late as the beginning of the present century, the weight of its silver vessels and other objects used in its functions and processions, is said to have amounted to nineteen *arrobas*. We have already spoken of the Brotherhood of the Negroes, as having become a Holy Week confraternity, long after its first foundation; and there was also a Brotherhood of Mulattoes, now extinct, which was instituted in the second half of the sixteenth century. Even the gipsies have had their religious association; for the Confraternity of Jesus of Salvation and Mary of Anguish was founded by members of that class, sometimes euphemistically called *New Castilians*, in 1753. At the end of the sixteenth century a body of the Catalonians living in Seville united themselves for pious objects under the name of the Confraternity of the Conversion of the Good Thief, which

now, however, no longer consists of strangers from that province. In 1605 a number of the coachmen of Seville formed a religious union under the advocacy of Jesus of the Three Falls, in allusion to the traditional sufferings of Christ on the way to Calvary. The Confraternity of the Farewell of our Lord was formed out of the class of fishermen. But at the present day these bodies no longer represent particular classes; they are now chiefly parochial unions formed of certain members of the same congregation.

The confraternities of Seville have greatly contributed to the splendour of the religious functions of their city. Besides the annual processions of Holy Week, and the periodical celebrations in their own churches and chapels, they have from time to time lent their aid to give dignity to the festivals of the Church or to make public prayers in times of calamity. Many of them formerly took part in the grand procession of Corpus Christi. During the various periods of pestilence that have desolated southern Spain, and during the times of drought, the confraternities have frequently sallied forth in penitential array chanting their litanies. It may interest English readers to know that when the Spanish Armada started for the shores of England in the summer of 1588, many of the lay-brotherhoods of Seville made special processions to pray for its success.

For many centuries before the dogmatic declaration of 1854, the Spanish Church had declared itself strongly in favour of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and the lay-brotherhoods of Seville have always been to the front when this question was in dispute. At the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin in 1613, the Dominican friar Molina preached a series of sermons, in which he clearly showed that he held views opposed to the pious opinion, for it was then no more, that Mary was conceived without sin. Such, however, was the indignation felt in Seville at this attack upon a cherished belief, that the offending preacher, and other members of his Order, barely escaped with their lives, and the occasion was seized for demonstrations of every kind in favour of the popular doctrine. Sumptuous functions, processions, devotions lasting for eight days, and other religious exercises, expressed the fervour of the "city of Mary," and the confraternities took the lead in these manifestations. They placed inscriptions, proclaiming the original sinlessness of the Virgin, in their chapels; and from that time to the present day they have continued to carry,

in the processions of Holy Week, banners known as *Sin-pecados*, bearing appropriate words in commemoration of this doctrine. In 1616, many of the lay-brotherhoods, and first of all that of Jesus of Nazareth and the Holy Cross, attached to the Church of St. Anthony the Abbot, began to take vows to defend the mystery of the Immaculate Conception; and when the Brief of Pope Paul V. in favour of this doctrine arrived at Seville on the night of October 22, 1617, it was received with processions and hymns. In June, 1761, Clement XII. declared the Immaculate Mary Patroness of Spain and the Spanish dominions, and, among other festivities, the brotherhood just named marked the occasion by the most solemn religious ceremonies, and by illuminations, concerts of music, fireworks, and abundant distributions of bread to the poor. Naturally, when Pope Pius IX. issued the dogmatic definition of 1854, the confraternities of Seville received it with the greatest joy; and religious celebrations took place similar to those which had attended the other epochs in the history of the doctrine.

The principal religious demonstration made by these brotherhoods in accordance with their name and object is of course the procession of Holy Week, or, as it is called, the "station" which each of them makes on the Sunday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday of that week, at the Cathedral Church. These processions have often been described in books of travel, but as the accounts which we read in these works are sometimes remarkable for brilliancy rather than accuracy, a few details of these solemnities may be added here.

The day and time at which each confraternity is to sally forth, is fixed by an arrangement between its officials and the *Ayuntamiento*, or Town Council, which, as it contributes a considerable subsidy towards the expenses incurred on these occasions, has a right to take part in the control of the proceedings. Many of the brotherhoods, however, have their day fixed by statute. The general order of the processions is as follows. After an escort of troops, with fixed bayonets, goes the cross of the brotherhood, often of such size and weight that to carry it for so many hours is a real penance; it is borne by a brother in the garb of the Nazarenes, that is to say, a tunic and tall peaked cap covering the face, who is preceded by four or six brothers, in similar dress, with tapers, and is attended by two deputies of the confraternity in ordinary dress; carrying

rods. Then follows a body of the Nazarenes with tapers, conducted by deputies, and escorting in the midst the banner and the Roman standard or "Senatus," with the S.P.Q.R.; the deputies are to be distinguished by unlighted tapers, trumpets or baskets, which they carry as signs of office. Now comes, supposing the brotherhood to possess two *pasos*, or portable platforms, the *paso* which supports the image of Christ, preceded by officials in lay dress with silver rods. Another body of Nazarenes goes next, bearing tapers, and conducted by deputies with trumpets or baskets as before; they escort the *Sin-pecado*, the parochial cross and the standard. Then comes a band of music or singers, intoning hymns, and followed by acolytes and incense bearers, and lastly, by the superior officers of the brotherhood with rods, and the majordomo with an extinguished taper. Now follows the *paso* of the Virgin, behind which walk the parochial clergy, some representatives of the Town Council, a military band, and a second body of troops with bayonets.

But besides this annual display, which is all that visitors as a rule see of the confraternities of Seville, there are many other functions that they celebrate. Most of them have a yearly period of devotion lasting for five, seven, or nine days (*novena*, *septenario*, *quinario*), during which their church or chapel is thronged by worshippers, while every morning there is a High Mass with an appropriate sermon, and every evening devotions with another sermon. The celebration generally concludes with a solemn profession of faith on the part of the brothers, who all partake of the Communion. The famous Confraternity of Jesus of Nazareth, the Holy Cross, and Mary of the Conception has weekly exercises in its chapel, a yearly novena, a *septenario* in Passiontide in honour of the Virgin of Sorrows, a special function at the Conception, and another at the Invention of the Cross, with a distribution of bread to the poor. The Brotherhood of Jesus of the Passion has exercises every Friday night, and a yearly novena, and also celebrates with special functions the festivals of Easter, the Name of Jesus, and the Invention of the Cross, besides observing the Jubilee of the Forty Hours every January from the 13th to the 15th.

To give an idea of the internal organization of the confraternities, the following list of the officials of that of Jesus of the Passion, posted up in their chapel in the Church of the Saviour, may suffice. These officials are the chief brother (*Hermano Mayor*), four councillors, the majordomo, five treasurers, six

greater deputies, two secretaries, four provosts, fifteen deputies for supervision and matters relating to religious worship (*diputados de gobierno y culto*), the mistress of the wardrobe of the Virgin and Child (*camarera de la Virgen y del Niño*), the master of the wardrobe of the Lord (*camarero del Señor*), two spiritual directors, the chaplain and the director of religious exercises. Even the Kings of Spain have counted it an honour to be placed on the roll of these associations; and Ferdinand VII., in particular, was *Hermano Mayor* of several of the confraternities of Seville, which are called royal on that account. Following this example, the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier have given the support of their names to these pious institutions, and at the present moment Her Royal Highness is *camarera* to the Confraternity of the Conversion of the Good Thief and Our Lady of Monserrat. Some of the brotherhoods have endowed chaplaincies attached to them. Thus to the Confraternity of Christ of the Seven Words, Doña Francisca Marquina bequeathed, in 1601, a sum of ten thousand ducats, bringing the annual income of fifty ducats for the foundation of a chaplaincy attached to the chapel of this brotherhood, with the obligation of saying two hundred and fifty Masses annually; and soon afterwards Cristobal Infante left one hundred, and Leonor de Vargas fifty ducats for a similar purpose. The wealth of the lay-brotherhoods has much decreased since the seventeenth century, when the chronicler Ortiz de Zúñiga observes that "the confraternities in their insignia, crosses, candlesticks, rods, bells, and other accessories despise all that is not solid silver, and in the hangings of their *pasos*, in their canopies, standards and robes, they disdain everything but costly embroideries and the finest silks and velvets; while in the *pasos* themselves the best designs and the most perfect sculpture are alone looked at without contempt; and in these matters there is an honourable rivalry among the different bodies." Still, even now large sums of money are expended on the elaborately carved and gilded *pasos*, on the magnificently embroidered robes worn by the images, and on the canopies carried over them in the processions.

Conscience.

THAT act of the human intellect by which a man judges that something ought here and now to be done by him—as being good, because it has been prescribed or counselled—or to be left undone by him—as being evil, because it has been forbidden, is called—conscience.

Conscience differs from that law which is imbedded in human nature, and which is therefore called—the natural law. Knowledge of the first principles which are contained in this natural law is the natural heritage of every human being. It belongs to him in virtue of his possession of human nature. He enters on this knowledge when he becomes capable of knowledge. He has not to learn it. He needs no teacher. He has not to find it out. It is identified with himself in so far as that, apart from it, he would not be completely human, or all that a man may naturally be.

This natural law consists of universal principles of law. It is a natural habit of speculative principles.

The human intellect is, in its functions, both speculative and practical. As *speculative*, it apprehends truth. It does not concern itself with the bearing of truth on action. It contents itself with arriving at a knowledge of truth. In that it rests. The same intellect, as it is *practical*, ordains this speculative knowledge towards action. It bears upon the human will. As moving the will to action, it is the *motive* of the will which issues in a human act.

Conscience is the application of the natural law, by the practical intellect, to an individual act which presents itself as either to be done, or to be left undone. The application is made by way of reasoning, as a conclusion is deduced, or brought out from the premisses in which it is contained. It thus applies general principles to a special case. This is what is meant when it is said, by way of definition, that—conscience is a practical dictate of the human reason.

Colloquially men speak of conscience as if it were a power or faculty of the soul which is distinct from the intellect or reason. Conscience is nevertheless neither a power, nor a faculty, nor a habit. It is an act.

It is an act of the human intellect, as that intellect is practical, and applies its speculative knowledge of general principles to particular cases of human acts which present themselves to the mind as either to be done, or to be left undone, as they are good or evil, because prescribed or counselled on the one hand, or forbidden on the other.

Besides the judgment which precedes an act, with regard to the rightness of that act, there may also be a judgment of conscience with regard to the rightness of an act which has been already done. The latter is a practical dictate of the reason which gives guidance with regard to the rightness of similar acts in the future, but it does not react on the act of the past. The formal goodness or badness of that act, was determined by the conscience which preceded it. When that act is recalled by the memory to the mind, and brought under review, conscience declares its material goodness or badness. It does not alter the formal goodness or badness which it had at the time when it was done. This it can neither add to, nor take away. It does not and it cannot make it to be other than that which it then was in virtue of the conscience which preceded it.

St. Thomas assigns to conscience various functions or offices, as it either precedes or is subsequent to a human act. These follow from an application of what a man knows to what he has done, or is about to do. When he recognizes that he has done or not done some particular act, conscience *bears witness*. When he judges that something ought to be done by him, conscience *instigates* him to do it, or *binds* the doing of it as a burden upon him. When he judges that something done by him was well done, or was ill done, conscience either *excuses* or *accuses*. It blames also and causes remorse.

2.

Conscience is usually right, and dictates that which is true. It is sometimes, however, not right, and dictates that which is in reality at variance with fact. It is then called an *erroneous* conscience.

Conscience is vincibly and therefore blameably erroneous, when an error of judgment which ought to have been avoided, could have been avoided. It is erroneous invincibly, and therefore involuntarily and blamelessly, when the error cannot possibly, in the circumstances of the case, be avoided. Such a conscience, although it is in itself erroneous, is relatively right, or right in relation to him who judges.

Conscience is *speculatively* true, when it is in conformity with fact or the truth as it is in reality. It is *practically* true when it is in conformity with a right will. This it is when a man acts in obedience to an invincibly erroneous conscience. Conscience is then speculatively (or physically) false or erroneous, but it is nevertheless practically (ethically) true.

Erroneous conscience can have place with regard to matters both of precept and of counsel. It cannot take place with regard to the first principles of the natural law, which are known by nature.

In speculative knowledge, there cannot be error in particular conclusions which are drawn directly from universal principles in the same terms. It is a universal principle that—the whole is greater than its part. If that—this thing is a whole—is an admitted fact, there cannot be error in the conclusion—this thing is greater than its part. In like manner there cannot be error in the immediate application of first principles of the natural law, that is to say, in immediate conclusions which are drawn directly from those first principles of law, which are known by nature. It is a first principle of natural law which is known to every man, in virtue of his possession of human nature, that—*injury is not to be done to any man*. That—*this person is a man*—is an obvious or admitted fact. There cannot therefore be error in the conclusion that—*injury is not to be done to this person*.

Conscience is always to be obeyed by doing the act which it prescribes, and that not only when the conscience is right, but also and equally when it is invincibly and therefore blamelessly erroneous. This obligation endures as long as the erroneous conscience continues to exist. If conscience is in either case disobeyed, sin is committed. He who acts contrary to conscience, whether it is erroneous or right, it matters not, has a will to violate the law of God. In this will the sin consists, even if in reality there is no such law of God to be violated. If the minister of a king lies in representing his

own command, which, as matter of fact, is contrary to the will of his master, to be the precept of his master, that king's subjects are nevertheless bound to obey the edict which has been falsely intimated to them, so long as they erroneously believe it to express their ruler's will. In so doing they truly exercise their loyal obedience to their sovereign. In like manner that which an erroneous conscience dictates, although it is not in reality in conformity with the law of God, is nevertheless conceived as if it were a law of God. If this dictate is disobeyed, there is opposition of the will to the will of God, which is supposed to be expressed thereby. The sin of the act is of that species which the mind there and then apprehends as belonging to the act, if it were done in defiance of a right conscience, and so of a true Divine precept.

The object of the human will is that which constitutes the species of sinfulness in an act, not as that object is materially, or in itself, but as it is apprehended, or known and intended. The object of the will is formally good, or formally evil, as it is imagined or understood to be good or evil. It is from this apprehension, and the will which follows upon it, that a human act derives its moral value.

A dictate of conscience is more binding than is the precept of a superior or sovereign. It binds with the force of a Divine precept, which it is conceived to be. It must therefore be obeyed, even if it is contrary to the precept of any or of every human superior.

There is no difficulty in conceiving the co-existence of a good-will with an act which is not good, when the will is regarded as formally or morally good, and the act as only materially or physically not good. The act is not deprived of the moral goodness which is derived to it from the will, by an error of judgment with regard to fact. Hence, as St. Thomas says, acts which are evil in themselves, but which are done from an erroneous conscience, are virtuous acts, and they merit.

If a man's conscience with regard to an act is blameably erroneous, he is not free from sin, whether he acts in accordance with that conscience, or acts contrary thereto. If he disobeys his erroneous conscience, he sins inasmuch as he then wills that which he thinks to be a violation of the law of God. If he obeys his erroneous conscience, and so violates that which is in reality the law of God, his ignorance or error being blameworthy,

he is not excused from sin. He is in no way, however, to be regarded as subject to the necessity of sinning either in the one way or in the other. His ignorance being his own fault, since it could and ought to have been avoided, his error of conscience can and ought here and now to be disposed of. His blameable ignorance is in itself a sin, as it is a voluntary ignorance of a thing which he is bound to know. This sin, moreover, remains always present, whether he acts in accordance with his erroneous conscience, or acts contrary thereto. The sin in acting in accordance with that conscience, is not then committed in the moment when he so acts. It was committed in the past, but it perseveres in the present. His guilt is therefore that only of his previous sin of ignorance. If, on the other hand, he disobeys his erroneous conscience which sprang from that ignorance, his sin is two-fold. In this way the man sins more grievously who acts against his erroneous conscience, the previous sin of ignorance being common to both obedience and disobedience, and there being in the latter the added sin of violation of that which he believes to be a law of God.

If the previous sin of ignorance has been repented of, and if in the interval there has been sufficient diligence to dispel the ignorance, although his efforts have not resulted in success, his present error will be equivalent to an ignorance which is invincible. It is no longer voluntary and blameworthy. In the effect of it there will therefore be now no sin.

3.

A *doubt* is a suspension of assent with regard to an object which is apprehended. A doubt may be either speculative or practical. It is *speculative* and universal, when a man doubts in general whether certain things are lawful. It is *practical* and particular, when he doubts whether this particular act is lawful, under these particular circumstances.

Since a doubt is a suspension of assent, it is opposed not only to certainty, but also to any assent or *opinion*. A doubt is likewise to be distinguished from an inclination to assent, which constitutes—a suspicion.

There is *certainty*, when the assent is firm and when there is no dread of the opposite turning out to be true. This alone is *assent*, properly so called. When there is some assent, but it is not altogether firm, and there is along with it some dread

of the opposite turning out to be in reality the truth, then there is—opinion.

It is not the same thing to have a *doubt* as it is to have an *opinion*. An opinion has some inclination towards both sides of the question in a controversy. A doubt does not incline to either side. It is a suspension of assent. An opinion is borne towards one side, although there is in it a dread that that side may possibly be the wrong side. A doubt fluctuates between the two sides. An opinion adheres to one of the two, so long as it remains an opinion. It ceases to be an opinion, when the uncertainty which attaches to it, is dissipated by the certainty which either confirms it or destroys it. If confirmed, it ceases to be a mere opinion. If destroyed, it ceases to be even an opinion.

When a man understands a truth, and knows with certainty that it is true, he says, It is so. When he has only an opinion, he says, It appears, or seems to me to be so.

Doubt may arise from defect of motives to justify or compel assent, or from the seeming equality of the motives which present themselves to the mind. The one motive seems to counterbalance and neutralize the other. This is equivalent to an absence of motive, and assent remains suspended.

A *suspicion* differs from an *opinion*, at least in degree, if not in kind, and it also differs from a *doubt*. A suspicion is an inclination, not of the will but of the judgment. Although it is an inclination, it cannot be called an assent or adhesion. In this as in other matters, that may incline towards a thing, which does not adhere or cleave to that thing. A suspicion, therefore, differs from an opinion, inasmuch as it is not an adhesion to that which is suspected may be the truth, but only an inclination towards it. In virtue of this inclination of the mind, a man cannot say, It seems so to me. He can only say, Perhaps it may be so. A *suspicion* differs from a *doubt* inasmuch as doubt is suspension of assent to either side of a question, whereas in a suspicion there is not a mere suspension of assent, but a true inclination of the mind towards one side, on the ground that perhaps that side may be the right side, although this inclination is not such as to result in even that adhesion of the mind which there is in an opinion.

The human mind can be occupied in two distinct ways with regard to a practical truth, or a truth which is the motive of an action. It may rest and remain in contemplation of the

truth itself, and simply as it is a truth. It may also regard this truth as it is a directive model and standard, or rule of action. In the first case, the mind concerns itself with that truth *speculatively*; in the second, it considers the same truth under its *practical* aspect. It is not as if there were two distinct truths—the speculative and the practical—before the mind. There is one truth, under two different aspects. The speculative truth is a practical truth when it is reduced to practice in action. The difference between a speculative truth and a practical truth, to use terms which are commonly employed, is therefore in the attitude of the mind towards the same truth, as it is or as it is not directive of an act which is in contemplation. Hence, as a doubt is a suspension of assent with regard to a truth, the doubt may be either a speculative doubt, or a practical doubt.

Conscience is *practically* doubtful, when a man doubts whether he is doing well or not in the doing of a particular act. His conscience is *speculatively* doubtful, when, apart from any question of action, he doubts whether certain things are lawful or not lawful. He may also be called speculatively doubtful even in the doing of the act, so long as his conscience does not direct the act.

Doubt is not mere suspension of assent, but suspension on account of the perceived insufficiency of the reasons for a judgment on either side. It is therefore founded on a judgment with regard to the uncertainty or obscurity of the matter.

He who acts with a practically doubtful conscience, sins. He sins, moreover, with that species—both theological and moral—of sin concerning which he doubts. He sins because he exposes himself to the peril of sinning formally. It is wrong to expose oneself to the peril of even materially violating a law, and to this peril one exposes himself who acts not knowing whether his action is in conformity with, or in opposition to the law of God. He who has a practically doubtful conscience knows that he is in ignorance of the law which concerns the act which he has in contemplation. He is therefore bound to inquire into this law before he acts. He is guilty if he neglects to dispel his ignorance, when he has the means or power to do so. He who is bound to observe a law is bound to have knowledge of that law, and he who is bound to know, and knows not, is bound to inquire.

4

In order that a man should have a right will in any action, it is necessary that he should follow the judgment of a conscience which is *practically certain* with regard to the rightness of the act which he has in contemplation. If he has made diligent inquiry, and then comes to a judgment which is such as becomes him as a prudent man, this judgment is of itself sufficient to exclude all possibility of sin for which he should be responsible in the act which he proceeds to do. When he is thus certain that there is no risk of his sinning by his act, he is thereby certain of the rightness of that act as done by him.

A man acts prudently who acts in accordance with the knowledge which he finds within his reach, when he cannot arrive at farther or fuller knowledge.

It is a certain principle, moreover, that a man who uses the utmost diligence that can in fairness, and considering the circumstances, be demanded of him, is not bound to farther investigation, and therefore he is not responsible even if it should turn out that in reality he was in error. If after such diligence he has sufficient reason in prudence for believing that the act which he is about to do is right, there comes in the principle of law, that laws do not bind unless they are known with certainty to be laws. They are not so known when there is a grave and prudent reason to suggest the contrary, and that what is imagined or said to be a law is in reality not a law.

Disobedience is wilful transgression of a known law. A man cannot be responsible for any error in his knowledge if in him there has been no defect as regards his obligation to inquire. There cannot therefore be disobedience on his part, when, as the result of his inquiry, he has no certain knowledge that any law exists to forbid his act.

When a man finds an opinion obtaining among his fellow-men which he has sufficient reason to assume is a prudently formed opinion, that an act which is the same in kind as that act which he proposes to himself to do is not evil, he is at liberty to form a practical conscience in conformity with that opinion. So long as he thus prudently judges that there is no law which forbids or prescribes the act in question, such a law, if any there be, has not been sufficiently promulgated or brought home to him.

An opinion which is prudently formed is an opinion which rests either on the grave authority of the men who hold it, or apart from their authority, on some solid reason of its own.

The certainty of conscience which justifies an act, and which he who does the act ought to have, is not a speculative, but a *practical* certainty. A man can rightly and prudently follow the opinion of others, as against his own. He is not to regard the reasons for his own opinion as if they were evident demonstrations. If they were, the question of rightness would be no longer matter of—opinion. The reasons for the opinions contrary to his would be destitute of all foundation, and with these reasons those opinions would fall to the ground. They would be no longer opinions but evident errors, or transparently false judgments. The security of an opinion which is reduced to action consists in this, that he who acts upon it in no way offends God. A man cannot offend God by acting on an opinion which he has sufficient reason to assume has been prudently formed. Hence among any such opinions, there is no one of them which is formally safer or more secure than is another. All are equally secure.

It is an axiom indeed that in doubtful matters the safer side is to be chosen. But here there is no question of practical doubt. That man is practically certain who has been able to gather from certain practical principles, that either side is in practice safe. Even if he is speculatively doubtful, he is practically certain, since where there is absence of undoubted evidence, the only obligation which lies upon him is that of acting prudently. This he most certainly does when he acts on an opinion which he can suppose with reason to have been prudently arrived at by other men.

An opinion for the formation of which the motives are fewer in number, or of less weight than are the motives for an opinion which is contrary to it, is nevertheless not thereby deprived of all weighty motive. It remains therefore worthy of a prudent man. It rests on a solid, although not wholly certain foundation, while there is no convincing reason against it, which is sufficient to overthrow it. It must rest upon a motive, otherwise it would not be an opinion. There would be nothing to induce that assent which constitutes an opinion. A weighty motive is such a motive as is sufficient to determine a prudent man. If it is one which is weighty in the estimation of men who are reputed as men of skill in the matter which it concerns,

it ought to have weight with other men, if their minds are rightly disposed.

An opinion has weight *from within*, when the motives for it are derived from the nature of its object, and its properties, its causes, its effects, or its circumstances. Weight *from without* may also be derived to an opinion from the testimony or authority of public teachers, who have held or taught it. It is prudent to follow an opinion which has weight from either source. Usually, however, an opinion which has weight from within has also added to it the weight of authority from without. Authority always supposes a weighty reason from within. If it could be shown to demonstration that there is no reality in the reason—as in the case of the reason alleged being proved to be spurious—the authority would thereby be deprived of all its weight.

It is prudent to follow the opinion of even one public teacher, whose opinion is contrary to the common opinion, if that teacher is noted as skilled both in natural and in positive law, and is known moreover to be in the habit of resting his judgments on solid reasons, and has, further, the reputation of being a lover of truth rather than of novelties, and appears to have thoroughly threshed out the question, and to have at least weakened the arguments of his opponents.

The prudence of an opinion is *certain* when it is generally regarded as prudent by authors of reputation, and so long as the Church tolerates it, and has not condemned it. Its prudence is *doubtful* if there is general doubt among the prudent with regard to the solidity of the reasons which support it, or with regard to the authority of the public teachers who hold and defend it, or if it is a singular opinion of an individual author who has not shown sufficient reason for holding it, or if one or two teachers hold it while the majority of recognized teachers contradict it.

Among contrary opinions, the prudence of acting on any one of which is certain, there are degrees of difference with regard to the weight of the reasons on which they rest. Sometimes that weight is equal. In the case of two opinions one of which has greater weight from within, while the other has greater weight from without, the first is regarded as having the more solid foundation of the two, inasmuch as the force of authority is itself founded on presumption of the weight of the reasons for the opinion which the author or authors have adopted.

When an opinion has a greater weight of reasons for it, and although it, being supported by these, thus rests on a more solid foundation, it nevertheless, and from the very fact of its being an opinion, includes a prudent dread of the opposite opinion being possibly true. It does not therefore deprive that contrary opinion of all foundation, or lessen the true weight which belongs to the reasons by which it also is supported. An opinion may, however, rest on reasons which are so weighty as to cause the contrary opinion to have but slender foundation. Nevertheless, even then when an opinion has for it the most weighty reasons, whether in comparison with other opinions on the same matter, or simply as it stands by itself, it never rises above the level of an opinion, or has more than the force of an opinion. It holds the principal place among opinions, but so long as it does not absolutely exclude all prudent fear that the contrary may possibly be true, it remains merely an opinion. When that is excluded, the judgment has ceased to be an opinion. It has passed out of the region of opinion into the sphere of absolute certainty.

5.

We have seen that it is a principle of law that a doubtful law does not bind. A man who has a prudent doubt with regard to the existence of a law, is certainly not bound by that alleged law. The existence of a law has to be proved. Arguments have to be found not for freedom, but for obligation. A man remains certainly free, until he is as certainly bound. Whenever a law does exist which forbids an act, an opinion which favours freedom is of course untenable, but there has first to be proved the existence of that law. A prudent opinion in favour of the freedom of a man to do an act which he has a mind to do, militates—not against a law, but—against the opinions of those who assert that there is a law which hinders him. Laws are to be observed as laws, and opinions are to be dealt with as opinions. Opinions can never have the force of law.

We must distinguish two sets of eternal laws. One is absolute in itself, and antecedent, and disposes matters independently of all error in the human mind. The other is subsequent, and ordains matters from the point of view of God's observation of human error of judgment. That which God

prescribes by antecedent law He does not will those men to be bound to, who are in invincible ignorance of the existence of that law. They are not comprehended under that law. God wills men to be bound by His laws as the knowledge of these exists in their consciences.

The man, therefore, whose conscience, availing itself of a prudently formed opinion, dictates to him that in a particular act he will be acting lawfully, does not even materially act against the eternal law of God. The will of the lawgiver is the soul of his law. To sin against a law is to contravene the will of the lawgiver. When the Divine will does not forbid an act, there is no Divine law which can be opposed to that act. The man who does that act is not acting in opposition to the Divine will. When acting in conformity with God's subsequent law, he cannot possibly at one and the same time be acting in opposition to God's antecedent law. He is not comprehended under it. Hence he does not even materially act contrary to the eternal law of God.

The Divine law is the remote rule of rightness in human action. The proximate rule of rightness is the practical dictate of the human reason, which is conscience. The proximate rule depends on the remote rule, and should be conformed thereto. The goodness of a human act is nevertheless measured not by the remote, but by the proximate rule of rightness. The human reason is the rule of the human will, by which its goodness is measured. A human act is reckoned to be virtuous or vicious in accordance with the good^d towards which the will is borne, as that good has been *apprehended by the reason*, and not in accordance with the material good in the object of the act. Hence a man whose conscience is invincibly at variance with a law which prescribes or forbids an act, is bound under sin, or is excused from guilt according as he believes that his act is in opposition to, or is in conformity with, the eternal law.

Given that action is to be conformed to conscience, as to the proximate internal rule of human action, a man must, in order that he may act lawfully, be morally certain that his *practical* judgment is in conformity with the eternal law. It is not necessary that he should have certainty with regard to his *speculative* judgment. It is sufficient that he should have reason for prudently supposing that his act is in conformity with the eternal law, even if it should appear to him that the opposite view is speculatively more likely. For example, a soldier may

think it more likely that a particular war is an unjust war (speculative judgment), but he is certain (practical judgment) at the same time that he is bound to obey his sovereign, when the injustice of the war is not certain. Even if it should afterwards turn out that he was right in his opinion, he did not, in acting on his practical judgment and going to the field, sin even materially against the antecedent law of God—that no man may engage in an unjust war. He was not comprehended under that law. He could not therefore transgress it.

It is true that God is in possession antecedently to all human dominion, and it is undoubted that possession by God, or by Divine law, has precedence of man's possession of freedom, when it is clear that an alleged law, which would restrict that freedom, really exists. When, however, its existence is doubtful, and there is a prudently formed opinion to the effect that there is no such law, then the man to whom, as to every man, God has certainly given dominion of his freedom, is in no way bound. He cannot be bound by an alleged law, the existence of which is doubtful.

Every Divine law is, since it was constituted by God from eternity, necessarily anterior to man's freedom in time. The *obligation* of a Divine law is nevertheless posterior in time to man's freedom. The law is not promulgated, or made known to him before the man is already constituted in possession of his freedom. It is false to say that God has forbidden to man that which He has not expressly permitted to man. God has created man free, reserving to Himself power to restrict that freedom as He wills. Hence He has given to man commandments. A man is not therefore to be despoiled of his God-given freedom of action, by—a doubt.

6.

In order that a law should bind, there must be certainty of its existence. Since a law is constituted to be a directive rule for subjects, it does not suffice that it should exist in the mind of the lawgiver. It must be applied to his subjects through the promulgation of it. It would not otherwise avail to bind them. It could not therefore be called—a law. Laws are instituted then when they are promulgated, and even Divine laws require promulgation. That promulgation of a law is sufficient whereby it is made known with certainty to the subjects of the lawgiver. No man is bound by any precept save through his

knowledge of that precept. A man who is not capable of this knowledge cannot be bound.

It is certain that a law cannot be said to be promulgated, or sufficiently intimated, when a prudently formed opinion is possible, that that law does not even exist.

The promulgation of a law is of the essence of that law. When therefore there is doubt with regard to the promulgation, there is equal doubt with regard to the existence of the law itself. Hence, as the law must be certain so as to bind, so must the promulgation, which is constitutive of the law, be certain.

7.

It is certain that a law should have regard to the good not only of individuals, but of the whole community. It is for the good of the community that the observance of a law should be uniform in all its members. This is necessary for the avoidance of dissensions, perplexities, and danger to consciences, to say nothing of scandal. To promote this uniformity, either all must be bound to follow those opinions which are supported by the most weighty reasons, or all must be left to act on opinions which, although they do not rest on reasons of the same weight, are nevertheless not unsupported by solid reasons, and have been prudently formed. If all were bound to follow the opinion which is said to have the greatest weight of reasons in its favour, there would be endless diversity of observance. Of these reasons some would be deduced from one principle and some from another, and such is the variety of minds among men that the reasons which appeared to one man to have the greatest weight might seem to another man to have less weight. This diversity of view is possible even to the same man at different periods of his life. If there is to be uniformity of observance, therefore, all must be left free to act with regard to an alleged law, the existence of which has been prudently questioned, on an opinion in favour of freedom which may be prudently assumed to have been prudently formed.

It might indeed happen that there should be diversity of judgment with regard to the solidity of the foundation of this opinion in favour of individual freedom. It is nevertheless certain that an opinion which rests on solid reasons—and of no other opinion are we speaking—will commend itself as at least a prudently formed opinion to the majority of the wise. If it should perchance not so commend itself to individuals,

there still remains the principle that that which rarely occurs does not destroy uniformity.

8.

In matters which are obscure, superiors are to be obeyed by their subjects, that is to say, when it is not *certain* that there is sin in the act which they prescribe. If a subject could not obey, or if he were not bound to obey whenever he had a *doubt* with regard to the rightness of that which had been prescribed, the whole order of the commonwealth would be disturbed. When the precept of a superior is founded on a prudently formed opinion of the rightness of that which he prescribes, although the contrary opinion seems to have for itself the greater weight of reasons, it is undoubtedly not certain that in his precept there is sin, and when sin is not manifest the subject is bound to obey. He could not, on the other hand, obey, unless he knew or supposed that the superior was prescribing prudently. If he knew with certainty that the superior was himself in doubt with regard to the rightness of that which he prescribed, he would not be bound to obey him. The precept would in that case be rash, and his submission would not be rational. It is not merely the fact of superiority in him who prescribes which makes the action of a subject to be right. If this were so, the subject ought to obey even if he knew for certain that the superior was prescribing in doubt of the rightness of his precept.

When therefore there exists a prudently formed opinion in favour of the rightness of an act, that act cannot possibly be manifestly unlawful.

9.

If there were an obligation to follow those opinions for which there may be adduced the greatest weight of reasons, or the greatest number of authorities, there would then be the obligation of investigation with regard to both. This would involve the weighing of the intrinsic reasons of every opinion and the measuring of the authority of every expert and teacher of repute, and the determination of the question whether or not the weight of their authority was to outweigh the weight of the various reasons which presented themselves. This would be a morally intolerable burden. It would give rise to innumerable scruples, perplexities of conscience, and spiritual dangers. A very great number of confessors and professors and authors

would be deterred from hearing confessions, giving advice, teaching and writing on moral questions. That yoke would be rendered unbearable to them and to others which Christ has declared to be light and sweet.

When, instead of this, we are once certain of the fact that there exists an opinion in favour of freedom of action, which we may prudently assume has been prudently formed, we are not bound to use any further diligence in investigation. We have then, and in virtue of the mere fact of the existence of such an opinion, no longer any moral and well founded hope of arriving at *certainly*, as regards the obligation of the law in question. If it should therefore turn out that in reality we had been in the wrong, we should at the worst have been invincibly and therefore blamelessly in error. To condemn, on the other hand, and forbid an act as a mortal sin, when it is not certain that it is a mortal sin, is itself a sin. The consequences might be disastrous, in plunging men deeper in the mire of sin, and exposing human souls to peril of damnation.

10.

That it is lawful to act on an opinion in favour of freedom of action, which has been prudently formed from solid reasons, setting aside contrary opinions which may rest on reasons of still greater weight—is itself an opinion which has for it the greatest weight of reason. In the wide sense of moral certainty, it may even be said to be—morally certain.

In addition to the six reasons which we have already considered, there is the exceeding likelihood that if an opinion in favour of freedom of action were false, it would not have been, as it has been, commonly recognized, as at least a prudently formed opinion, by experts, authors of weight, and teachers of repute. The Church, moreover, would not have tolerated it.

All these arguments avail to form a moral certainty. They are every one of them convincing, even when they are taken singly. Their weight is crushing when they are taken together.

The truth of an opinion is one thing, and the truth of the rightness of acting on an opinion is another. We are bound to follow that for which there is most reason with regard to the truth of the rightness of acting on an opinion—but we are not bound always to follow that which appears most likely with regard to the speculative truth of an opinion. The very fact

that it is an opinion is sufficient to negative such an obligation. Hence certainty with regard to the rightness of acting on an opinion is quite compatible with some dread of the possibility of an opposite opinion turning out to be in reality the truth, when it ceases to be any longer an opinion. There may often seem to be graver reasons for the existence than for the non-existence of an alleged law, while at the same time there are graver reasons against the obligation of that law. It is from this that we form a practical judgment with regard to the lawfulness of an act which that law is supposed to concern.

The dread and the certainty do not regard the same object. The dread regards the speculative truth of the opinion. The certainty regards the rightness of availing oneself of that freedom of action which the opinion, as it is a prudently formed opinion, gives.

A man has a right to regard himself as free to act till he is bound by a law not to act. Till then—his freedom is in possession. When it is certain that a law exists which binds him—that law is in possession. In both cases the principle of law applies—"The condition of him who is in possession is the better condition." As a doubtfully existing law does not bind a man, so neither does it disturb a man in his possession of his freedom of action. When the obligation of a law is doubtful, that law's being in possession is also doubtful. That the man's freedom is in possession is therefore clear. When promulgation of a law is doubtful, that law does not bind, because the presumption of possession is not for it, but for freedom from it. The making or promulgation of a law is a matter of fact, and a fact is not presumed. A fact has to be proved.

He who is certain that he has committed a particular mortal sin, and has doubt whether he has ever confessed that sin, is bound by a clear law to confess it. The obligation is certain, while the fulfilment of that obligation is matter of doubt. The law is in that case in possession. The doubt must, however, be such a doubt as is properly so called, and not an opinion, which is a very different thing. If he has a prudently formed opinion that the sin in question was not mortal, or that he did not sin mortally, he is not bound to unfold the doubt in confession. If he is certain that he sinned mortally, but has a prudently formed opinion, which rests on a reason which he has for holding that he did confess it, although he has at the same time some dread of the possibility of his not having

confessed it, he is then not bound to confess it. If he were to confess it, he would be taking "the safer side," so as to avoid all peril of the possibility of even material transgression of a certainly existing law, but he is not bound to do so, and he would not thereby be making *himself more safe*. His freedom is in possession, and it is not disturbed by the uncertainty which attaches to his opinion, as it attaches and must attach to every other opinion. The doubtful and the uncertain are not the same. A doubt is, as we have seen, a suspension of assent by reason of the perceived insufficiency of motives for inclining to either side. Uncertainty, on the other hand, is simply absence of certainty. In this case the man is not doubtful. He is merely uncertain with regard to his fulfilment of what was once a certain obligation, while he is at the same time certain that he is acting prudently, and with a safe conscience, in his exercise of his freedom of action, to which he has a right.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY.

The Zambesi Mission.

FORT SALISBURY AND VICTORIA.

A FRESH instalment of Father Kerr's diary has lately reached us, which was written partly at Fort Salisbury and partly at Victoria, and during his journey thither. It will be remembered that the party had arrived at Fort Salisbury after a most trying journey of months from the time they had left Mafeking in Bechuanaland. They did not, however, as we shall see, rest long. A fortnight after their arrival Father Kerr started in quest of Father Hartmann, who was out on the mission about one hundred miles further north, with a view to recalling him before the rainy season. At the same time he arranged that Father Barthélemy should return to Victoria and be in charge there.

Father Kerr's diary may be fitly introduced by a letter from Father Colley, Rector of St. Aidan's College, dated January 16th. "It is a very wonderful thing to my mind," he says, "that in mid-life Father Kerr can face such a life as this. Young men find it very trying to live long out in the wilds in this way, and here he is travelling backwards and forwards and never seeming to think of himself, in order to know the Mission and make the most prudent arrangements for the success of the work. At present (January 16th) he is travelling *back* from Victoria to Salisbury 'prospecting' the country, trying to find the best sites for missions and especially the central farm which he wishes to establish in the coolest and healthiest part possible, so that Fathers coming from Europe can live there while learning the language, and the others can rest when worn out with the labours of the Mission. There are a great many trials in these journeys beyond what appears, the dirt and disorder is very trying, and of course the food is very insufficient."

It must be explained that the diary, which is dated Nov. 21, 1892, was begun during the journey of Father Kerr to Victoria, on which occasion he escorted some of the Dominican Sisters

who were to form the nursing staff for the hospital about to be established there.

"Since our arrival at Fort Salisbury I have been so constantly on the move that I have not been able to give you an account of our doings. I must try now to make up for it. I think I told you how the Germans reached the farm on the eve of St. Ignatius' feast, and how on the morrow we raised the cross on the top of the central kopjie. Then followed a fortnight's suspense, during which the place was inspected and various sites proposed for building upon.

"Brick-clay, fountain-heads, rich soil, fair timber are passed under review. At last Father Prestage, who had been laid up for some weeks, was able to come out himself and do justice to the potentialities of Shirhawasha, and then a site was finally determined upon and building commenced. Father Richartz had already drawn out a plan of a compound, the most striking feature of which was the church. However, it was thought better not to commit ourselves to an ecclesiastical edifice just at first, and so the proportions of the three-roomed verandahed house came well to the front. The building materials at hand were poles, wattling, and *dāgā*. Brick-making was considered, but for the nonce shelved—and for roofing the long, dried grass still standing, but was daily, nay hourly, in danger of being fired by any wanton Kaffir. Upon collecting this a number of natives were set to work, at the price of a blanket a month with food; while the Brothers cut the poles, prepared foundations, wattling, and the rest. Meanwhile, the day after the Assumption I started to the relief of Father Hartmann, some hundred miles to the north-east in Motoko's country. Father Prestage had sent him necessities by runners every three weeks for the last few months, so I had to hurry off in a Scotch cart with eight oxen. Van Riet, the hero of the forty-three days fast, came with me. Being an Africander he was at home on the veldt, and proved a very useful and pleasant companion. We travelled quickly across slint and marsh, falling lands and heads of waters, and after eight days passed the first Motoko's kraal. Now we entered upon a land of granite kopjies, and upon the highway against one of these, twenty miles west of Mount Bismarck, I greeted the good Father. He was living in a hovel of some seven cubic feet, hastily raised during his arrival in the rains, but was now engaged in erecting quite a handsome square pole

hut. He was a novice at the work, and so his labours as well as his difficulties were not small. However, it gave him occupation and brought many natives round, which so far had answered well. He was not very hopeful of the situation himself, as 'Dawa,' the chief, still declined to see him. By a bit of ill-luck the late Motoko died after an interview with Selous. Hence the superstition. This young man disported himself on some neighbouring hills not long since, and sent the Induna to tell Father Hartmann of his approach. The Father went out to greet him, but the chief, rather than risk bewitching, took to his heels. Under these circumstances I did not ask to see him.

"Next day, having previously resolved to call Father Hartmann in for the rains, we started back. Quite a number were drawn around, men, women, and children, and I was delighted to find the silent influence he had gained. House and goods were left in charge of the chief Induna, and off we went with a large following, which did not dwindle away for some miles. The parting had evidently touched a sympathetic chord, which I doubt not will reverberate a warmer welcome when he returns. At first we sped quickly back, but owing to hard roads, and harder burnt stubble, the feet of the oxen were sorely tried, so, following the advice of Spillman, the driver, we had to slacken down. On the third day, then, being anxious to be back, I was reluctantly obliged to leave Father Hartmann in charge, and make a forced march of three days with Van Riet and a couple of carriers. We averaged more than twenty miles each day, and on the morning of the last of August reached the farm in time for Mass. I thus gained my first experience of sleeping on the veldt. We knew we were in a lion country, but were only reminded of it one night by our two boys creeping, during sleep, between the fire and ourselves, which we wondered at, and on comparing notes it was further resolved that a lion's roar was heard. But the Scotch cart the following evening was closely set upon by two, and Spillman, when outspanning, had to make a kraal, rifle in hand. However, they did no greater harm than prowl and growl. Wagon and span are quite a new idea in these parts, and strange to the noble beast. Father Hartmann was greatly alarmed about us, but we were then beyond their beat. It was on this same journey to Motoko that Father Hartmann had spent parts of three months with Spillman during the rains. It was interesting to hear them recalling their adventures. Indeed the road at

best is bad enough in parts, and so I am not surprised that the oxen as well as wagon were nearly wrecked. On the farm considerable progress had been made. Father Prestage had thatched the first hut, and besides presided daily at the wagon bartering for meal—a somewhat tedious affair. He also superintended the grass cutting, a most important work, considering the advanced period of the year. Father Richartz, with BB. Book, Meyer, and Lindner, were busy building. Walter Jordan paid his attention to the cattle kraals. The indefatigable Brother Biermann was kitchening under difficulties, while Brother Löffler, having planted out all the trees he nursed with so much care during the long journey, had commenced to garden along the brook side. Father Boos was supplying in town, and had given during his stay a double retreat to the nuns, one in German and the second in English."

We wish Father Kerr had told us a little more about his forced marches through the lion country. We remember in a letter written on one of his expeditions, he says how difficult it was to "save your daylight," *i.e.*, to reach shelter before nightfall. From there being no twilight absolute darkness sets in almost instantaneously after sunset. "If caught thus in the open veldt," wrote Father Kerr on that occasion, "there is nothing to do but make a fire, look out for lions, and wait for daylight." He was rejoiced on his return to find good news from Father Barthélemy from Victoria. The latter had been very kindly received by the Government officials. About ten days after his arrival there came a Protestant minister, who in due course, along with Father Barthélemy, was nominated on the Hospital Board. On the question of the supply of a nursing staff, the Committee closed with Father Barthélemy's proposal, after referring in terms of high praise to the work of the Dominican Sisters elsewhere. The good Father also summoned the Catholic men of the place, and though they were only a handful, such was the good-will, that money, labour, and bricks for a small chapel-house were soon forthcoming, and the work put in hand.

Father Barthélemy's own account of things at Victoria written to a Father in Europe only a fortnight before Father Kerr joined them with the supply of Sisters, will interest our readers and help to clear up the sequence of events.

"Fort Victoria, Nov. 8, 1892.—After a fortnight at Salisbury employed in setting our goods in order, making purchases, and doing some parish work temporarily for Father Prestage, who

was laid up, I left on August 17th for Victoria. Here I received the kindest hospitality from the officers, especially the captain, chaplain, resident magistrate, and Mr. Vigors, mine commissioner. I was admitted to their mess, where they served me with fish on Friday. We were in the old camp, as the new township, five miles distant, was still in the course of formation. I selected three stands in a good situation, and then with help of a subscription among Catholics and Protestants, I built a small and very simple brick house fifty feet long and ten wide, which contains a chapel, general room, and a sleeping-room. On Sundays the two first are thrown into one, and become the chapel. I was most anxious to get the Sisters for the hospital. Nothing makes us so popular here, but there were many difficulties in the way. The hospital at Fort Victoria depends on the town, not on the Company. They elected me, so I am on the Hospital Board, and I am thankful I succeeded in getting the Sisters called, and four are soon to come from Salisbury to begin work.

"I also look for mission stations in the neighbourhood. Fifteen miles northwards resides an old chief named Simuto, in a large kraal. I visited him and got leave to settle at his place and amongst his people. I also went to Makori, thirty-five miles north of Victoria on the way to Salisbury, a place swarming with natives. There I secured six thousand acres of land in order to get a solid footing. These stations are to be occupied before the rains set in. Meanwhile, I live in a tent-wagon, near a tent occupied by an old St. Aidan's boy. When I have the opportunity, I nurse sick people. Everybody so far has been very nice to me. . . . You truly guess that all eyes are fixed on Matabeleland. The Matabele are more restless than ever, and raid under pretence of collecting taxes due before the occupation. On the other hand, prospectors want to cross the border, as it is well known that Matabeleland is a true gold country, and with even alluvial gold in many parts. In any case, there is here a large field of work—find us men and means!"

To return to Father Kerr's diary: "To complete the aspirations of Victoria only Father Hartmann was wanting, in order to take the native chiefs properly in hand, but though he had arrived at the 'town' soon after me, he could not be spared, and besides he had great attacks of fever, a common occurrence when passing from a lower country to a high veldt. I remember

a commissioner at the Matzoe, only twenty-five miles out from town and three to four hundred feet lower, told me that he got fever every time he went to Salisbury. It was the same in Cyprus after the first occupation, and similarly elsewhere. Father Hartmann followed me into town, and the attacks, which were usually accompanied with vomiting, were distressing and tedious enough. However, good food and bracing air will, I trust, soon rehabilitate the liver. I had now to set out for Umtali (September 16), and this time took a wagon, with Walter Jordan for companion. We set out late the first night to overtake our travelling hut, but were put by a trusty guide on the wrong road; we walked miles away and lost ourselves. At midnight we made a fire under a kopjie, and there remained till daylight. By the help of a native guide we then walked across country, and by 9 a.m. found the wagons with Father Boos-waiting for us. He was destined to come too, but the farm begged hard for his services, and so I let him return. We travelled briskly along the Marica road in our empty wagons with little worthy of note. The features of the country presented little change, and there was marked absence of natives and their kraals. No bartering, no greetings reached our ears, save from one kraal only whose inmates came running from the heights with the Induna at their head. He was a friend of Father Prestage's, and, thinking it was the Umfundisi's wagon, came to see. They were very friendly, and kept us company for some distance, hoping we might outspan. On parting I told the old man that Skishawoska wanted grass. He said, I will turn out every man and woman to collect and carry to the Umfundisi.

"At fifty miles we passed Manudella's kraal. At one hundred miles, the Laurencedale settlement of Vander Bye and his crew of twenty-five. The old man lies buried by the stream, and the party afterwards broke up. Some fifteen miles further we neared Mount Zonga, a monster granite hill, where a good Catholic, named O'Reilly, trades and has much influence. Here we spent Sunday (September 25). We were now at the extremity of the high veldt. To the east the land fell a thousand feet, and the road was steep enough. I determined to let the oxen rest, and take the wagon no further, and so leaving Walter to hunt and amuse himself as he liked, I joined company with Lieutenant Jesser Coope, forest officer, who was returning to Umtali with Scotch cart and staff. He had been

some weeks on the veldt, and only struck the road by accident.

"Down the hill we went, driving our ponies ahead, and at sundown reached the Sugar Loaf kop at the fort, where we found the cart already outspanned and the kraal complete. Coope formally welcomed me to his forest home, for said he, 'Out of the respect I have for Father Prestage and the Sisters, I will gladly do you any service I can.' And these were no empty words, for till I left Umtali he put himself entirely at my service. On entering we found the table to the left, further round the beds of straw, then came the stables, and close to the door the oxen stood, while round the fire in the middle the boys were gathered busily preparing the food. These arrangements seemed more than enough for one night, but his staff were accustomed to form camps on the veldt, and just at this point there was some need, as an ox had been taken from the post-cart the previous evening. He too had had some experience on a late expedition, where his pony was badly torn by a lion, which made him careful. Nearly every one has a lion story to tell, and the traveller soon votes the noble beast a nuisance, as after a long trek he has to watch the midnight hours; while, on the other hand, sportsmen are out for days and weeks without finding. One of the men of the day had just returned from a shooting expedition as I left Salisbury, and the only lion he saw he caught napping in some long grass at noon. The boys who pointed to him quickly climbed the first tree to hand, while he considered the situation for some minutes. He then stepped some twenty paces back, and with the stock of his rifle made a noise. The animal rose, and he shot him dead. Having skinned him, he waited nightfall, knowing well that the carcase was the best bait for the lioness, and so it proved. He fired his shot and heard the telling *thud*, but in the dark she managed to get away.

Coope's affair was more serious, and is worth telling also for its effect in a critical moment on the native chief. The magistrate had gone out with a force of some twelve or fourteen men to visit some refractory kraal, and had outspanned for the night at the foot of the hill, ready for further operations in the morning did not the chief give in. The party slept round the fire, and the horses were tethered near at hand. Suddenly they were roused by the cries of a Kaffir boy from the jaws of a lion just outside the camp! The boy was

wonderfully brave and quite self-possessed. He reported progress every *crunch* the lion gave: 'Now he has me here, now there,' and begged them not to fire. However, when some of the party were sufficiently prepared and could distinguish between the lion and his prey, they opened fire, but with no immediate result. And it was not for some time, till the beast had calmly received several bullets, that he released his grasp and moved off growling round the camp. Meanwhile there was great commotion among the horses—one line broke their tethers—and evidently the lion was in their midst; but it was not till daylight that the mischief could be realized. Then the spoor of some five lions was made out—some half-dozen horses had been seriously mauled, and though desperately wounded had managed to shake off their assailant—and the man-eater was at last shot dead and the carcass brought to camp just as the poor boy was dying of his wounds. On comparing notes it was found that the lion had passed by at least two white men as he sprang into the midst of the camp and seized his Kaffir victim. The lion attack on the white man's camp was witnessed with considerable interest by the native chief and his kraal. It was a good omen—a message from their gods to fight also—and so accordingly they made ready to attack. But when in the morning they heard that the lion lay stretched in death before the camp, the omen was reversed, their courage failed, and superstition bid them pay the fine instead. And so the object of the expedition was gained more quickly than was expected.

"Thank God on the night of September 25th we had no such experiences. At daylight we were off on our ponies, and by noon had ridden easily enough over five-and-twenty miles and reached Umtali. I knew no one and had nowhere to go. Coope however introduced me to the President, Captain Graham, who kindly begged me to come to him, which of course I gladly did. He was then walking home with his secretary to luncheon. Umtali township is a plateau valley some three miles to two across, through which a stream runs into the Umtali River. All four sides are bounded by hills, and at the foot of the western bridge the town is rising. Against the southern hills is the hospital and police reserve, and there the magistrate has his quarters. There was not much hut room, and at mess I found the doctor joined the captain and his secretary. Residing in the police camp I found Caulfield,

a young convert going home, and also one Catholic policeman. The former was doing temporary duty as dispenser.

"My few days at Umtali were well filled up. I visited the land, selecting stands, riding round to all possible sites for future work, and the rest. Coope served as my guide, and one night I slept at his nursery farm to be in readiness to visit Umtasa's kraal next morning. He is filled with ardour to get on, and during the last three years he had hard work in the British South African force, and has done well. At daylight we started to view farms in Umtasa's direction. He arranged the day, and cleverly took an Umtasa boy with him. The kraal is buried among rocks on a remarkable bluff prominent spur, fifteen miles to the north of Umtali, easily capable of defence, and without a guide from the dangerous directions, almost impossible to find. Leaving our ponies to graze, we trudged for two hours after our guide up the mountain-side. Then we had to wend our way among granite boulders and jump from rock to rock. At last we found ourselves in a sort of open square, and many natives gathered round us; but without hesitation Coope urged on his boy through narrow alleys, gates, and kraals; the men behind shouted, but the more the guide was urged, and in another minute we had to stoop low as we entered the double-gated door of the chief's palisaded home. A large gathering followed us in—more angry than pleased—among them Umtasa's son. Our guide was promised death as his reward by the noisy throng, but in a trice all calmed down. *We were in*, and they had to make the best of it.

"'Here,' said Coope, 'is an historic spot, the place where eight Englishmen forced their way just ten years ago and arrested three leading Portuguese (the Baron, Colonel Andrada, and Goveia), who had a force of some hundreds of men supporting them. It was a splendid bit of filibustering; no time for parleying; not a moment's hesitation; white man and black were equally overawed, and the three prisoners were marched down the hill. When they found out the state of the case and the meagre number and straits of their captors, who had hardly force to guard them, *the three* were wrath enough at being so duped. "Why," said the Colonel, "the very dogs in the streets of Lisbon will laugh at us." The effect on the native was of course excellent in our regard. The alliance with Umtasa was secure, and Portuguese attempts to outwit

us again were of no avail.' Coope was evidently celebrating the anniversary of this feat. As I knew it would take hours to wait an interview with old Umtasa, we went our way, and once outside the chief's palisade all were at ease again. We afterwards held a sort of equality durbar, at which men and boys, chief's son and Indunas assisted, while women peered round corners and out of grovelling huts. The centre-piece was a calabash of Kaffir beer of which all partook, and even the boys eagerly licked the platters, which disgusted me, and so the little urchins were driven off.

"We soon got down the mountain, saddled our ponies, and rode back. On looking back about half-way, we saw the mountain-side on fire, the result of a match with which we had obliged a Kaffir."

There follow some interesting remarks on the Company's plan of utilizing missionaries, which as an administrative scheme is clever. It seems that in surveying the country they mark off every kraal of any importance, with sufficient garden-land, and call it, not a "location," but, *e.g.*, "Chikonga mission," which they are then ready to allot to any missionary that asks, and moreover, if needs be, to give him an adjoining farm. The kraal is thus included within the bounds. In this way the Company hope the missionaries will help the administration and save police and other expenses. There are many considerations opened up by such a course which it would not be suitable to discuss here. It is not impossible that an increase of Protestant effort is to be looked for as a probable effect of the Beira Railway, when this becomes an accomplished fact.

To return to the journal. Father Kerr writes: "Next day, Rosary Sunday, I said Mass in a hut in the town (Umtali). I had heard of and communicated with about a dozen Catholics round about, including three Italian miners, but nearly all failed. However, when walking over, I saw four stalwart young men arriving by the short cut over the western hill. I made towards them, and three of them proved to be Catholics (two of whom were old St. Aidan's boys), all going to the railway. I felt bound to tell them of Mass, and after a moment's reflection they all three went for their coats and came like men. My congregation was thus raised to seven—I believe the largest Umtali has seen. In the evening I had planned to be off, and Captain Graham, who day by day did me many little kindnesses, would by no means let me ride alone by moonlight

through the lion country, and so 'Heyland' came as a mounted orderly, and saw me twenty miles on my way across the Odzi River. He proved a pleasant companion as well as an efficient help along the road. Umtali owes much to its present magistrate and commissioner, who in his quiet way rules to every one's satisfaction. The police camp especially is in excellent order, and the hospital owes much to his tact and care. My farewell there was the occasion of a little interchange of attentions, and the patient's state was most satisfactory. Finally, to end with a lion story, the patient's brother had last year a most disagreeable experience. He was sleeping in a small prospector's tent, with a pillow over his head. A lion crept in, crunched the pillow in his jaws, and scalped him. The poor fellow was taken down to Durban to recover, and now he is back again hunting on the coast."

We interrupt the journal for a moment to say that we hear, through Father Colley, that since Father Kerr's visit to Umtali the place has been literally besieged by lions, the animals coming close up to the township and carrying off horses and cattle, or else killing and devouring them on the spot. The nights were so dark that neither the crack shots nor the field-gun, which turned out, were of any use. To resume:

"I just did fifty miles within the twenty-four hours, and reached the wagon on the banks of the River Chimney. Great progress had been made, especially in gardening and farming, and the house-building was only held back by the want of grass. The builders had had the mortification to see the last patch of farm grass, on which they so much depended, burnt before their eyes. For five hours Father Richartz tried to stem the flames to no avail.

"They had thus to depend mostly on what natives would bring. Father Hartmann therefore rode round the kraals, pressing and promising Indunas! And all did something; some gave one hundred bundles, others less, and all got limbo according to weight or size on delivery. Father Hartmann's visits were much appreciated too. In more than one kraal by common consent they asked him to be their king! and in all he made friends. What a power language is! and absolutely necessary if we would do any good at all, and even hold our position as true missionaries among the sects. If Ours will only gain a fluency in Chiswina we need fear none. Father Prestage has worked hard for six months and has succeeded, and so this

Christmas I am anxious the two Fathers should bring out a grammar and vocabulary, if only a first attempt for private use. In the meantime Father Temming's manuscripts are doing duty and are found useful enough. The Sisters too have had some lectures and are making progress. For two months they had a camp on the farm and went out and in as convenient. Next season I hope they may find a permanent home on the veldt. All life up here, especially outside the towns, is experimental, and a short trial is enough for the first year. And as it happens, it is well they are still free, for otherwise we should not have been able to serve Victoria Hospital so readily. I speak of Mother Clare and her little community. As for the Sisters in Salisbury Hospital they are as active as ever, and on the feast of St. Luke opened school in a hut, and now have some dozen children.

The kindness of the Administration to the Sisters is extreme. Not only were the new Sisters rationed on arrival, but accommodation was provided for them. Indeed so great is the esteem in which they are held for their work in the past, that Mother Prioress' wishes and word are supreme. Father Daignault's canvas marquees still do good service, one as a ward, one for the Sisters, and the third for the chapel, which is nicely fitted up and suits admirably. Next year a new hospital is to be built, and we ought to build a church, so I hope these three convenient shelters may find their way on the Mission. But it would be a great mistake did I lead you to suppose that the kindness of Dr. Jameson and his able second, Mr. Duncan, was confined to the hospital. I have travelled in many parts and seen many official circles, but never met with as much genuine considerate charity and attention as I have witnessed in Mashonaland. I do not speak of the wide question of the Administrative Government, but rather of passing daily acts, and I will make bold and say that there is no one in distress who has applied and has not been helped: some with rations, some with means, some with farms or implements, some with protection, all with encouragement. No one has an interview with 'the Doctor' who does not leave the better for it. He has a wonderful power of imparting confidence and consolation. Though still in his thirties, he has long had the reputation as the first physician and surgeon in South Africa, and all the tact and talent required for such a position he throws into his present work. He is Governor, Commissioner, Judge of High

Court and Appeal, and often Magistrate, and now Mr. Duncan is absent, holds all the portfolios—in fact, is ‘all hands.’ A *Mauvais quart d’heure* is generally considered worthy of note and enough; but the Administrator of Mashonaland and his socius have borne bravely a *Mauvais deux ans*, and at last the cloud is lifting. Randolph Churchill and Labouchere—experts and prospectors—have had their day, but now the reality smiles at all they say. The country is being *boomed*, and next year not an acre nor a claim will be left unpegged. It is a remarkable instance of what can be done by a man with means, determined to carry out an idea, with his *alter ego* at the wheel. We shall never know what this occupation has cost the millionaire—hundreds of thousands at least. I dare say we should find his ‘power of attorney’ in Jameson’s cash-box with orders to keep things going with justice and honour!

“Under other circumstances the Chartered Company would have long since followed the fate of other less ambitious African ventures; but Rhodes, though deserted by others, relying with full confidence on the Administration, has saved the country and the Company too in spite of itself. For my own part, I may say that I have never yet met with a refusal. All I have asked has been granted willingly, and a kindly interest shown in our welfare from the Company’s representatives in Tuli, Victoria, Umtali, to the Surveyor-General and the Administrator in Salisbury. We have free grants of stands for church and institution in each township, a farm in the neighbourhood of each and elsewhere where we will, and in Motoko country we stand alone. All the bricks we require for the church in the capital have been given gratis, and time alone is needed, I am sure, to develop more signs of kindness and good-will. The Administration are not church-goers, but they are fair to all denominations, and I am sure each would confirm what I say.”

We must greatly rejoice at the state of things here described, and surely earnest prayers should be offered up for the continuance and increase of such good-will.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.

FATHER WILLIAM BATHE.

IN the autumn of the year 1605, while some disease was ravaging Dublin, the Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, went to spend a month at Howth Castle, the seat of a Catholic nobleman. One day the Lord Deputy and the Lord of Howth were hunting, and, says Father Holywood,¹ "they were led by the fox into the demesne (of Drumcondra),² of which Father Bathe was once the proprietor. The Catholic nobleman said, 'Alas! the owner of this and many other estates, having left everything for Christ's sake, is now living in foreign lands and in poverty. In your religion you could find no such example of abnegation.' The Lord Deputy remarked that Bathe was only one instance. Whereupon the Irish Baron mentioned three others, and amongst them the Reverend Father Peter Nangil of the Order of St. Francis. That kind of argument has great weight in this country, as I could prove by sundry examples." One of the cases mentioned by the Irish Baron was that of Holywood, the reporter of the incident, whose Castle of Artane lay between Bathe's Castle and that of Howth. We mean to end the biographies of distinguished Irishmen in the sixteenth century by sketches of the two Jesuits spoken of at the fox-hunt in 1605.

In the sixteenth century two gentlemen of the English Pale, while persecution was raging round them and when their relatives and friends were urging them to get married in order to perpetuate ancient and honourable names, gave up their castles and lands to younger brothers and entered the Society

¹ In "Ratio Negotiationis Factorum P.N., hoc anno 1605 in regno hoc." (Rom. Archiv. S.J. *Anglia MSS.* 1590—1615, p. 294.)

Father John Morris and Brother Foley enabled me to examine these MSS. I beg here to thank them for that and for help and encouragement while I prosecuted my researches under difficulties.

² Or Balgriffin, for both belonged to Father Bathe.

of Jesus.¹ One was Christopher Holywood of Artane Castle, which has now developed into a flourishing industrial school under the direction of the Christian Brothers; the other was William Bathe, of Drumcondra Castle, the vaulted remnant of which forms a part of an extensive Blind Asylum under the Brothers of the Carmelite Order.

In the biographies of William Bathe there are sundry errors. By the Abbé Glaire, in his *Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Sciences*, he is called "Guillaume Bathelier, Protestant"! In other books he is named Bates and Batty, and is wrongly said to have had Protestant parents, to have renounced heresy, been professor of languages at the University of Salamanca, and to have died when about to retreat to the Court of Spain. This last error is in the new *National Biography*; the fact was, he died when about to give a retreat to the Court of Spain. Harris says:

"We have it from tradition that he was of a sullen, saturnine temper and disturbed in his mind on account of the decay of his family, which had fallen from its pristine rank by rebellions, extravagance, and other misfortunes." On this charming passage put in to suggest that Bathe got crazed, and then of course became a Papist, Philip Bliss, editor of Wood's *Athenæ*, remarks: "This statement is given on the authority of a brother citizen, who had doubtless good grounds for the assertion. Otherwise Bathe's early habits and propensity to music in which he much delighted, seem to warrant a supposition that he was of a more lively habit. It appears, moreover, that in his later life he was beloved and respected by all orders for his singular virtues and excellences. Now a sullen, saturnine man is not generally an object of such universal esteem; nor does it seem probable that one of such a temper would be fixed on to transact public business for the benefit of his Society. On the whole I cannot but think that this censure of our author is built upon a very slender foundation; and I am the more ready to believe my supposition correct, since no authority whatever has been advanced in support of the censure." To these remarks of Bliss I may add, that he could not have been disturbed on account of the decay of his family which had fallen from its pristine rank by rebellions, for he was

¹ "Christophorus a Sacrobosco sive Holywood et Willelmus Bathe locupleta patrimonia (et sponsis sibi mox matrimonio jungendis), junioribus fratribus ultro cedentes Societati Jesu se aggregaverunt." (Lynch's *Alithinologie*, Suppl. p. 189.)

the head of that family and a special favourite of Queen Elizabeth.¹

The truth is that William Bathe was one of "the men of name in this county of Dublin," and that his Castle of Drumcondra was fourth on the list of the twenty-one "principal castles of this county."² In his day twelve of his namesakes and kinsmen in the counties of Dublin and Meath had castles or other mansions and broad lands, though all their families were soon after swept away, in the persecutions, invasions, and confiscations of the seventeenth century. The only extant monuments of their former glory, beneficence, or piety are an inscribed slab, a ruined castle, a ruin of a ruin, an old bridge, and two wayside crosses. Sixty-six years ago there stood at Drogheda a very beautiful house, made of Irish oak, a carved panel of which bore the arms of Bathe, and this inscription in letters six inches long: "Made bi Nicholas Bathe in ye ieare of our Lord God 1570 by Hiu Mor, carpentar." In the year 1824, this house was taken down by order of the corporation under suspicion of harbouring rats, reprobates, and typhus fever.

The bridge of Duleek was erected in 1587 by William Bathe and his wife Genet Dowdall, as appears from an inscribed tablet inserted in the battlement. In the village of Duleek a remarkable wayside cross bears the inscription: "This Cross was builded by Genet Dowdall, wife unto William Bathe of Ardcarne, Justice of Her Majesty's Court of Common Plees, for him and her, anno 1601. He deceased the 15th of Oct. 1599, is buried in the Church of Duleek, whose souls I pray God take to His mercie." On the other side of the cross are sculptured in relief figures of Saints Andrew, Catherine, Stephen, Patrick, Ciaran, Magdalene, Jacobus, and Thomas. The wayside cross of Ardcarne bears on the front of the pillar: "This Cross was builded by Genet Dowdall, late wife unto William Bathe of Athcarne, Justice, for him and her . . . Amen. I.H.S." On the back of the pillar we read: "Haile Marie full of grace, oure Lord is with thee, Haile sweet Virgin, the Blessed Mother of God, the excellent Queene of Heaven, praye for us poore soules. Amen." This Castle of Ardcarne was built in 1590, as appears from inscriptions over several of its doorways. It is still

¹ See Harris' Edit. of Ware's *Irish Writers*, and Harris' sketch of Bathe in Kippis' *Biographia Britannica*, i. p. 691.

² *The Description of Ireland and the State thereof as it is at this present in anno 1598*, pp. 37, 38. Edited and annotated by E. Hogan.

standing, and both it and the Castle of Drumcondra passed by confiscation into the hands of James, Duke of York, and afterwards into the hands of a woollen draper of Dublin.

Father Bathe's Castle of Drumcondra has all disappeared except the lowest vaulted story, the walls of which are four or five feet thick. It is now the kitchen of the Blind Asylum, and in a wall of the passage to the kitchen an old slab has been securely fixed by the pious care of Brother Berchthold Fahy, Superior of the establishment. On this slab is a shield in which are a cross and four lions rampant for Bathe, and three crescents for Gormanston. The inscription in raised letters runs thus : "This House was builded by John Bathe, sonne to James Bathe, and by D. Elenor Preston his wife, daughter to Jenrico Preston, L. Viccome of Gormanston. Anno Domini 1560."

These were William Bathe's father and mother who built their house four years before their son and heir was born. Their castle did not remain even a hundred years in the hands of their posterity, and became successively the residence of Lord Chancellor Bowes, Lord Chancellor Lifford, the Protestant Primate Lord Rokeby, and others.

William Bathe's grandfather was Chief Baron of the Exchequer of Ireland under Henry VIII., Philip and Mary, Edward and Elizabeth, from 1541 to 1570, when Baron Cusack was recommended to succeed Chief Baron Bathe deceased, "as he is the only man of his profession that favours religion : all the lawyers are thwarters and hinderers of the Reformation."¹

William's father, John Bathe, was Solicitor-General in 1572, Attorney-General in 1575 ; in 1584 (when his son William was at Oxford), he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and obtained a renewal from the Queen of certain leases formerly granted to his father. On the 18th of July, 1587, he died, as we learn from the *Inquisitionum Repertorium* : "John Bathe, late of Dromconraghe, Glasnevan and Clonmell, the Lord's Meadow in Glasnevan, and John died on the 18th July, in the 28th year of the late Queen. William Bathe was son and heir of said John and of full age when his father died."² No doubt he was "a hinderer and thwarter of the Reform," as were the other Irish lawyers of his time, and as he is said to have been by the earliest biographers of Father Bathe. He was more-

¹ *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland*, years 1541, 1550, 1557, 1563, 1570.

² *Inquisitionum in officio Rotulor. Cancell. Hib.* Vol. i. Comit. Dublin, April 6, 1624.

over a charitable man, and in 1580 he gave a plough-land in Chapelized to support an hospital for four poor men at Balgriffin,¹ the manor, town, and lands of which belonged to him.

William Bathe was thus not a mere Dublin "citizen," he was the son and heir of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, grandson of a Chief Baron, first cousin of the Earl of Roscommon, nephew of the third Viscount Gormanston and Viscount Tara, grand-nephew of the ninth Earl of Kildare, and related to the Earls of Thomond, Tirconnell, Fingal, Ormond, Desmond, Roscommon, to Lords Slane, Delvin and Kingsland, and Netterville, and to the Irish chiefs O'Connor Failghe and O'Carroll of Ely, as well as to the Earl of Lincoln, and to Queen Elizabeth herself. This is clear from the pedigrees of Gormanston and Kildare, and it refutes the disparaging statement of Harris, and justifies certain expressions of Bathe's early Catholic biographers which otherwise would seem exaggerated. Bathe gives this account of himself in the novice-book of Tournay: "I, William Bathe, was born at Dublin on Easter Sunday, the 2nd of April, 1564; my father was John Bathe, a judge, my mother was Eleanor Preston. I have studied humanities in Ireland, philosophy at Oxford and Louvain, and theology at Louvain. I have been received into the Society at Courtray by Father Duras, Provincial of Belgium, and entered the Novitiate of Tournay the 6th of August, 1595."² According to his early biographers, some of whom knew him personally, he was born of Catholic parents, of a distinguished family, was reared by them on the pure milk of the Catholic faith, and was trained to every Christian virtue of that holy religion, in which he persevered to the end of his life.³ By his pious parents he was confided in his early years to the care of an enlightened Catholic tutor, and was by him so solidly instructed in the principles of the faith, that, while he was at Oxford, all the pomp and circumstance of Protestantism only

¹ D'Alton's *Hist. of Co. Dublin*, p. 250.

² Father Carlos Sommervogel, who sent me the extract from the *Liber Novitiorum*, gives August 6, 1595-6. Brother Foley has the date October 14, from Tournay Diary MS. Brussels P.R.O. n. 1,016, fol. 1,595.

³ The Irish Jesuits of Salamanca in the Annual Letters of 1614, Paul Sherlock, S.J., Alegambe, Jouvancy, Tanner, Nieremberg, and Patrignani. In them we read such words as "Ilustres Caballeros, Senores de Drincondra y otras villas, catholicis ortus parentibus, catholica et lauta domo, puro catholice fidei lacte nutritus, catholicam fidem ab iis traditam," etc.

filled him with disgust, and made him, as he says himself, feel weary of the atmosphere of heresy which he breathed there.

As he grew in years at home, he showed great prudence, tact, and discretion, and won the hearts of all, even of those who differed from him in religion, by his genial manners and great personal gifts which adorned the nobility of his birth, and by his varied accomplishments which rendered him "the delight of all circles." He learned to play on all kinds of musical instruments, and even to make some of them, at least he had the skill to construct "a harp of a new device;" but we know not whether he developed its powers as much as did his friend, Robert Nugent, S.J. The Irish harp seems to have been a favourite instrument with him as with other Irish and Anglo-Irish lords and gentlemen, of whom the Irish Hudibras says:

And there's old Tracy and old Darcy,
A playing all weathers on the clarsy,¹
The Irish harp, whose rusty metal,
Sounds like the mending of a kettle.

The author of the Irish Hudibras, who had no great appreciation of harmony, differed from Father Bathe, Queen Elizabeth, and others, as to the merits of the Irish harp. He quite forgot that though "the harp that once through Tara's hall" might be rusty, the clarsy constantly played on could not possibly be so. But other writers blunder more strangely still when writing of men and things that they are anxious to discredit. Even Mr. Froude in his attempt to connect Esmonde with the massacre of Prosperous, which he did his best to prevent, says, "Esmonde went to his room, washed and dressed, and powdered his hair, *like a dog after a midnight orgie among sheep*."²

To return to William Bathe, he was, says Wood, "much delighted in the faculty of music." In his *Briefe Introduction to the Skill of Song*, Bathe tells us what delight he found in it, and affords us some insight into his character. He writes thus at the age of nineteen or twenty: "Ignorance, as divines do testify, is one of the plagues put upon man, the creature, for transgressing the commandments of God his Creator, from which we are to come (as the patient from his disease) by degrees. Man's understanding is likened by Aristotle to the eyes of the owlet in the daylight. Solomon saith: *Dedi cor meum ut scirem prudentiam, scientiam, erroneaque*,"³ &c.

¹ Cláirseach, a harp.

² *The English in Ireland*, vol. iii.

³ Eccles. i. 17.

"The fame of our ancestors that diligently laboured to bring us, and in many things brought us, from ignorance to knowledge, shall never be forgotten as long as those things wherein they laboured be in estimation, and, in mine opinion, so far forth, as we may, we should imitate the steps of them; for the plague of ignorance is so great, that neither did they, neither shall we, find so much but that we must leave sufficient for our posterity to be found. Wherefore seeing sufficiently others to labour and travail in other sciences, I thought good to bestow my labour on music, seeing that pains might so much prevail, as by the fruit of my labour may plainly appear. I took the matter in hand upon this occasion, though it were far distant from my profession, being desired by a gentleman to instruct him in song. I gave him such rules as my master gave me; yet could I give him no song so plain, wherein there chanced not some one thing or other to which none of those rules could directly lead him. . . . In a month, or less, I instructed a child about the age of eight years to sing a good number of songs, difficult, crabbed songs, to sing at the first sight, to be so indifferent for all parts, alterations, cleves, flats, and sharps, that he would sing a part of that kind of which he had never learnt any song; which child for strangeness was brought before the Lord Deputy of Ireland to be heard sing, for there was none of his age, though he were longer at it, nor any of his time, though he were elder, known before these rules to sing exactly. There was another, who had before often handled instruments, but never practised to sing (for he could not name one note), who, hearing of these rules, obtained in a short time such profit by them that he could sing a difficult song of himself without any instruction. There was another, who by dodging at it, hearkening to it, and harping upon it, could never be brought to tune sharps aright, who, as soon as he heard these rules set down for the same, could tune them sufficiently well. I have taught divers others by these rules in less than a month what myself, by the old method, obtained not in more than two years. Divers other proofs I might recite which here, as needless, I do omit."¹

From his Catholic home in Dublin, Bathe went to Oxford about the year 1583. Of his life there and his subsequent career the historian of Oxford says: "He studied several years in that University with indefatigable industry; but whether in

¹ British Museum, c. 31, a. 18.

any of the three houses wherein Irishmen of his time studied, viz., in University College, Hart, or Gloucester Hall, or whether he took a Degree, I find not. Afterwards, under pretence of being weary with the heresy professed in England (as he usually termed it), he left the nation and the religion he was brought up to, and entered himself into the Society of Jesus. He was endowed with a most ardent zeal for souls, and respected not only by those of his own Order, but of other Orders, for his singular virtues and excellencies of good conditions. . . . He was buried, I presume, among his brethren in their house at Madrid, who had a most entire respect for him and his learning while he was living."¹

So writes Anthony Wood, who was, however, mistaken in concluding that because he went to Oxford he had been brought up to the Protestant religion. In 1584, while "a student at Oxenford," he published a treatise on music, in which he claims to have broken fresh ground and hit upon a new and helpful method of arrangement. Its title runs thus: "A brief Introduction to the Art of Music, wherein are set down exact and easy rules for such as seek but to know the truth, with arguments and their solutions for such also as wish to know the reason of the truth. Which rules he means whereby any of his own industry may shortly, easily, and regularly attain to all such things as to this art do belong. To which otherwise any can hardly attain without tedious, difficult practice, by means of the irregular order now in teaching, lately set forth by William Bathe, student at Oxenford. Imprinted at London by Abel Jeffes, dwelling in Sermon Lane near Paule's Chain, anno 1584. Small oblong 4to, black letter. Dedicated by William Bathe to his uncle, Gerald FitzGerald, Earl of Kildare."²

According to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, Garrett, the son and heir of the Earl of Kildare, died among the Saxons, and in the next year, 1585, the Earl himself "died among the Saxons, namely, Garrett, the son of Garrett, son of Garrett, son of Thomas, son of John Cam. This Earl had been five years in prison and kept from his patrimonial inheritance until he died."³

Bathe wrote another treatise on music, "A brief Introduction to the Skill of Song, concerning the practice, set forth by

¹ Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*

² Bliss' Edit. of Wood's *Athenæ*; but Kildare was his granduncle.

³ *Four Masters an. 1585.*

William Bathe, gentleman. In which work is set downe ten sundry wayes of two parts in one upon the plain song. Also a table, newly added, of the comparisons of cleffes, how one followeth another for the naming of notes, with other necessarie examples to further the learner. London: Printed by Thomas Este, 1600. Small 8vo, 25 pp."¹ This book was presented to the British Museum by Sir John Hawkins, May 30, 1778.

Though there was a law excluding Irish minstrels from the English Pale under pain of imprisonment and the forfeiture *des instruments de leur minestralicie*, one Irish harp was found in the registries of the household goods of every Anglo-Irish family in the time of James II. Doubtless the same musical taste prevailed in the time of William Bathe, and his books were bought by those families and may be found among their descendants, who are now few and far between; most probably Master "B" of Dublin, who in 1605 was on his way to Douay or Salamanca and "had learned all his grammar, two years at music, song, and play," had studied those books of William Bathe, who presumably was his uncle.²

Queen Elizabeth was much pleased with young Bathe's musical skill and showed her favour towards him by many grants of land. The cause of his going to London is thus mentioned by Paul Sherlock, S.J., his earliest biographer, who was personally acquainted with him. Sherlock writes: "William Bathe was reared on the pure milk of the Catholic faith and trained to every Christian virtue. On the death of his father he succeeded to all the wealth and possessions of his house, but his elevation to this new position did not make him proud or vain; on the contrary, his Christian spirit, moderation, and mature judgment became more conspicuous. On one occasion, when the Viceroy had some matters of importance to bring under the notice of Elizabeth, he chose Bathe for that mission, knowing that his youth would be a recommendation of which men of more mature years were destitute. Young Bathe became a great favourite of the Queen, whom he delighted by his wonderful skill in playing all kinds of musical instruments, and amused by teaching her mnemonics, while his many other brilliant parts won for him universal estimation.

"Unlike most men in such circumstances, Bathe was not deceived by the flattering gifts of good fortune or by the

¹ British Museum, c. 31, a. 18, and another copy there marked $\frac{1042. d. 36.}{1. 3.}$

² See *Hibernia Ignatiana*, p. 79.

splendour of the Court of Elizabeth. He had aspirations and longings which the English Court could not satisfy, and he returned to Ireland with the resolve to give himself to study and a priestly life."

The foregoing account is confirmed by the narrative in the *General History of the Society* by Jouvancy (part. v. bk. 13), and by Tanner, Patrignani, and other biographers, and by the State Papers. Bathe was related to the Queen through the Kildare family, and also, if I mistake not, to her kinsman, Sir John Perrott, Lord Deputy of Ireland from 1583 to 1588, who on his return to England was kept for six months with the sentence of death hanging over him, and died of a broken heart in the Tower, his crime being that he had treated the Irish with common justice. A spy reports to Cecil that Bathe was brought up under Sir John Perrott, was four years in Westminster, and is a great scholar.¹ Perrott sent Sir Lucas Dillon, who was married to Bathe's aunt, to give an account of his proceedings to the Queen, and she, on the 20th of January, 1584, expressed her satisfaction to the Deputy. It is most probable that Bathe, who was then twenty years old, was sent to help his uncle on that delicate mission. That he won the good graces of the Queen is vouched for by the State Papers.² The Queen wrote to the Deputy and Lord Chancellor, August 13, 1587, directing a lease for forty-one years to be passed to William, son and heir of John Bathe, of such lands as were in the possession of John at the time of his decease. Again, on October 14, 1589, "Elizabeth R. directs a lease in reversion to be made to William Bathe of Dromconragh, of lands of the value of £20 a year," in consideration of certain lands having passed away from his father by general warrant, which should have otherwise come to him. On the 30th of September, 1589, she wrote to the Lord Deputy to grant a lease of £30 a year to William Bathe of Drumconragh.³

On the 2nd of December, 1591, the Lord Deputy wrote to Burghley: It has transpired that "one William Bathe, a gentleman of the Pale, dwelling near Dublin, one known to your lordship for his skill in music, and for his late device of the new harp which he presented to Her Majesty, who has

¹ Letter of a spy named Stallenge to Cecil, December 31, 1602. See *Hibernia Ignatiana*, p. 106.

² *Calendar of Patent Rolls*, pp. 139, 190.

³ *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland, 1588—1592*, p. 243.

lately gone to Spain, did at his departure leave a cipher with William Nugent, whereby to carry on a correspondence on matters of State. There is an accusation against William Nugent, preferred by Thomas Wakely of the Navan, brother-in-law of the said William Nugent."

The following incident was the immediate occasion of Bathe's resolve to return to Ireland and leave the world, in order to devote himself to the service of God in the priesthood. He was one day, in 1588, at a window overlooking the Thames, with a nobleman who was a friend and relative of his own; he saw the English fleet enter London laden with the spoils of the Spaniards, and he said to his companion, "Heresy seems to triumph over faith in this victory of an heretical Sovereign over a Catholic King. But all this will pass away, and death will come upon us. How much better would it be to spend one's life in some retired corner of a Catholic country preparing for that last hour, than to live thoughtlessly amid the scenes of festivity and dissipation in which we mingle?" He came back to Ireland soon afterwards to lead a life of retirement, and look after the inheritance which fell to him by the death of his father a year before. He was then twenty-four years of age, and, as Sherlock tells us, four most brilliant matches were offered to him, yet he remained unshaken in his resolve to lead a life of celibacy and renounce his inheritance in favour of his brother John. It was at this period he read and got others to read Father Parsons' *Christian Directory*, which appeared at that time. His opinion of that book is quoted in Father More's *History of the English Province, S.J.*:¹ "I have never heard of a book, the mere reading of which has produced so much fruit in our days in England and Ireland as this *Christian Directory*. A great councillor of the Queen in Ireland, and a friend of mine, who was for many years immersed in honours and pleasures, when hearing this book read, broke out into expressions of extraordinary admiration, saying that it would be almost impossible for any one to write with such force without singular help from on high. He was a man of great intellect and judgment, and he conceived such compunction from hearing it read, that he was never at rest, till, with the consent of his wife, and to the great wonder of the whole kingdom, he publicly renounced all his dignities, and

¹ See *Hib. Ignatiana*, p. 151; it is given in full in More's *Hist. Prov. Anglicæ*, p. 112.

went to lead a solitary life in a lonely place, where full of the grace of tears, he did wonderful penances to the end of his life."

The last traces of Bathe that we find in Ireland are in the Deputy's letter of the 2nd of December, already quoted, and in the following entry of the *Repertorium Inquisitionum*. "Sir Thomas Fitz-Williams, knight, was seized in fee of the manor, town, and lands of Balgriffine, 300 acres. He granted them on the 29th November, 1599, to William Bathe and his male heirs with remainder, in case of no male issue, to John Bathe, now of Dromconragh. The said William was seized in fee of this afore-said manor of Balgriffine; of the town and lands of Borecoolin, 60 acres; Nanger, 60 acres; Stacol, 60 acres. On the 6th of December, 1599, William gave to John Bathe the lands of Dromconragh, Balgriffine, Ballybockl, Drishoke, Clonmel, Glasneven, Borecoolin, Stacol, and Nanger. William died on the 20th of July, 1615, without heirs. His mother Jennet "died on 4th of June, 1617." Jouvancy, Nieremberg, Tanner, and most biographers, save only the earliest of all, Father Paul Sherlock, say that he went to Oxford after having given his property to his brother, but the letter of the Lord Deputy confirms Sherlock's view. However, before quoting Sherlock's narrative, I will give an abridged account of his life at Oxford as it is described by sundry writers. They say, his friends tried to induce him to get married, as he was a man of wealth and position and a favourite of the Queen and the Viceroy, but he renounced his inheritance in favour of a younger brother, and went to Oxford to give himself wholly to piety and the study of philosophy, and the practice of rigorous penance. By degrees he was drawn to a desire of religious life by Almighty God, who had chosen him to promote His greater glory. The love of solitude gave him an inclination to the Order of Carthusians; the wish for a life of austerity attracted him to the Capuchins; zeal for the salvation of his neighbour drew him towards the Society of Jesus. One day when he had performed some acts of penitential austerity in order that God might extricate him from the perplexity of his thoughts, he fell into a slumber, from which he was roused by a clear voice which said to him these words of St. John, *Ingreddietur et egredietur et pascua inveniet*. He prayed fervently to know what these words meant, and he was given to understand that he was called to an active life and to the Society of Jesus. He accordingly went over to Flanders with a view to enter that Order.

We know from himself that he studied philosophy at Oxford and Louvain, and theology at Louvain ; and though he may have had very serious thoughts at Oxford about his state of life, it seems clear that the things above narrated refer specially to the time of his divinity studies at Louvain ; for this reason I prefer Sherlock's narrative, which I here give in full from the tenth volume, pp. 525 and 526, of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

"In Flanders he gave himself up to the study and practice of virtue. He led a life of strict retirement, great penance, and continual intercourse with God, and our Lord inspired him with strong desires of serving him in some Religious Order. Resolved on abandoning the world, and subjecting his will to another's, he was in great perplexity which of three Orders, which then flourished with strict observance, he should embrace, the Carthusian, Capuchin, or the Society of Jesus. A fervent zeal for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls inclined him powerfully to the Society ; but he feared that in the pursuit of these souls, and the intercourse with the world, he should miss the sweet repose of serious contemplation which craves retirement and solitude. In the midst of this perplexity, his body being overcome by the workings of his soul, which was struggling to ascertain the will of Heaven, he one day fell asleep, and these words of St. John sounded in his interior : *Ingrédietur et egredietur, et pascua inveniet* ; and longing to know what they meant, he was given to understand that the pastures and spiritual food he sought, he should find in the active life observed in the Society of Jesus. Acting on this benign promise he immediately took steps to enter the Society in Flanders, and succeeded. After a few months' novitiate the Superiors found him so advanced in spiritual things, that they appointed him companion to the Master of Novices. After giving rare examples of all virtues in his novitiate, he was sent to the College of St. Omer, where a great number of English Catholic youths were educated. Here he assisted to train in letters, but much more in virtue and all kinds of spiritual knowledge, those young men, the promise of their native land ; but falling into bad health, and his life becoming endangered, he went to Italy, by order of the Father General, and completed his studies in the College of Padua. There he conceived that burning zeal for the good of souls which lasted his whole life ; his only delight being to reach them, he recognized no difficulty where their salvation was concerned Day and night he was ready to attend any one who should call

him, and he would seek them out himself in the prisons and hospitals, and wherever else he could discover those in need of his services, always preferring the poorest and most neglected.

"While he was thus practising for his future labours, it so happened that His Holiness appointed Father Luigi Mansoni, of the Society of Jesus, a man of great sanctity, prudence, and learning, as Apostolic Nuncio in Ireland. The Father General named William Bathe as his companion, and thus he went with the Nuncio to the Court of Spain, where they were to receive certain necessary instructions. Whilst they were at Court, however, peace was made between the crowns of Spain and England, and the embassy of the Nuncio came to an end. Father Mansoni returned to Italy, but Father Bathe remained at Valladolid, where the Court then was held, and thence he went to the University of Salamanca, where God had reserved for him so many victories and triumphs over Hell. He received from Heaven a singular faculty of giving the Exercises of St. Ignatius with such extraordinary effect, that he could do what he liked with souls, and his room was constantly crowded with people who came to be instructed by him. A great reformation among the citizens followed; but it was in the young men, the intellectual flower of Spain, who frequented that famous University, that God wrought most wonders through him.

"He took particular pains in instructing the poor, and established a confraternity of the humblest classes, which he placed under the patronage of the rich. At the same time he assisted in the Irish College, which during its short existence under the direction of the Jesuits, had sent a crowd of labourers to the vineyards of Ireland, many of whom became learned professors, bishops, archbishops, and martyrs. Most of these passed under Father William's direction as dean of the house, and learned music and ceremonies from him. He procured the writing of a book, called *Janua Linguarum*, which was composed under his direction, and was of great service to novices in Latin, and he has left beside three other works—*An Introduction to the Arte of Music*; *a Spanish Treatise on the Sacrament of Penance*; and *Instructions on the Mysteries of Faith, in English and Spanish*.

"He performed the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius three times a year, and every month he had a day of retreat, which he called the day of his reformation, on which he always fasted till nightfall. He paid so little attention to the things of the

world, that he scarcely took the trouble to learn the difference between the various pieces of money, and always had to study it when he had occasion to go on a journey. If the distance were not very great, he always travelled on foot, and never looked for ease or comfort wherever he might put up. He was rigorous in the use of the discipline, and always wore a hair-shirt. His sleep was the shortest, and on boards, and his mortification so extreme that his Superiors had to interfere in order to moderate it. He had extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in whose honour he fasted every Saturday, and spent two hours in prayer, contemplating her virtues and prerogatives.

"His fame became so widespread that he was called to Madrid to give Spiritual Retreats to the highest personages there, when God was pleased to take him to Himself. He caught fever and died seven days after, on the 17th of June, 1614, after receiving all the sacraments, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the fifteenth year of his religious life. He was professed of the four vows, and he died, as he lived, a model of sanctity and Christian perfection."¹

¹ Sherlock's Latin sketch translated by Dr. MacDonald in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, x. 527.

Pouch-bearing Animals.

WITH the exception of the American opossum, all known existing species of pouch-bearers belong to Australia, Tasmania, and New Guinea, though fossil remains of several kinds abound in various parts of the Old World.

The distinguishing characteristic of this group is the marsupium, or bag, situated on the abdomen of the female, which contains the teats, and into which the little ones are put as soon as born, the mother (by the aid of her mouth) placing them at the nipple when so small that their appearance is that of tiny earthworms with mere knobs for legs. They continue to hang on to the nipple with their round sucking mouths as though they had grown to it. Indeed, the first observers speak of them as looking like buds that had grown out from the breast. The mother from time to time pumps milk into their mouths by a contractile action of the mammary gland. The milk is prevented from entering the air passages by the larynx being prolonged upwards, and entirely separated from the throat, the milk passing on either side of the windpipe. As the little ones grow the pouch stretches, and they begin first to peep out and then to jump out, nibble a little grass, and jump back again, and for a long time they take refuge in the pouch at the approach of danger or when they are tired. Professor Owen considers that the curious pouch arrangement of the marsupials is of great service in an arid country, where the little ones might be unable to traverse the long distances which are frequently scoured—in search of water—unless the mother could carry them.

The *opossums* were the first marsupials known to Europeans. There are about twenty different kinds of opossums in America, varying in size from that of a rat to a large cat, each species having fifty teeth. The largest is the Virginian opossum, which lives much among the branches of the trees in forests, whither it retreats to devour its prey, twining its tail round a branch

for security. It has a rough tongue and prowls about at night in search of food. It is fond of birds' eggs and often visits poultry yards, displaying much skill and cunning in its stealthy quest of prey. It frequently seeks to escape pursuit by running to the woods, but if overtaken it feigns death, and maintains the imposture however severely kicked or beaten, and is only proved to be alive on being thrown into the water. The American word "possuming" makes a figurative application of this habit, and "cute as a possum" is a common saying; nevertheless, like all other marsupials, it really ranks low in the scale of intelligence. It sometimes produces sixteen young at a birth, weighing scarcely a grain each, but until the little ones have attained the size of a mouse they do not leave the mother's pouch.

The next largest species is the crab-eating opossum of Guiana and Brazil, which lives in marshy places, feeding much on crabs. Numerous smaller species abound in the tropical parts of America, to which continent belong all the known living species of opossum. Although the pouch is present in all the marsupial animals, it is more largely developed in some, as in the kangaroo, for instance, than in others. In the myrmecobius of Western Australia and the small Surinam opossum the pouch is so little developed that the mother carries her young in her long fur. In all the pouch-bearers two additional bones called the marsupial bones, proceed from the hip-bone and run almost parallel with the spine, projecting rather forward and outward; these bones sustain the weight of the pouch, and aid in compressing the milk-producing glands.

We find this marsupial race spreading all over a land where they had, until recently, none of the higher quadrupeds to dispute the ground with them. Australia possesses no aboriginal higher land animals, except bats, which may have flown there, mice and rats, probably conveyed on floating wood, and dingo dogs, which were probably introduced by the first native settlers long after the marsupials had spread and multiplied. And though we find the bones of marsupials of all sizes buried in the rocks of Australia, some of them as large as the mammoth, showing that these creatures too had their time of greatness, we do not find those of ordinary mammalia. It would seem that for long ages the pouched animals had the field to themselves, and they made good use of it, living the

varied life which in other parts of the world is lived by ordinary quadrupeds.

On the plains, mountains, and stony ridges of Australia may be seen the long-legged kangaroo peaceably browsing upon the grass and leaves, the great gray one growing to a height of five feet, fighting only when attacked, when it places its back against a tree and uses its hind legs so fiercely that few animals dare come near it. The hind foot has four toes, the middle one armed with a strong nail like a curved hoof. A single blow from it will kill a man, and they make a good fight against the fierce dingo dog, hugging him and ripping him up at a stroke, though if not attacked the kangaroo is singularly peaceable and will rather leap away than turn on an enemy. The long pointed strong claws are used by the native Australians as heads of spears. When chased, the kangaroo moves by a series of rapid leaps on the hind legs. The wonderful speed of the young female has won for her the title of "Flying Doe." The hinder feet are exceedingly long, and the long strong tail is used to make with them a tripod when sitting erect, and in assisting to retain the balance while leaping through the air. Mr. Gould tells us that the leap of a full-grown "boomer" or male kangaroo, was found to measure exactly fifteen feet, and the difference between the footprints were as regular as though stepped by a soldier. Occasionally when chased the "boomer" will make a sudden side leap, and then lie quietly among the brushwood till the hounds have passed its place of concealment, when it noiselessly makes off in another direction. On one occasion a kangaroo being brought to bay, was seen to seize a dog who was jumping at his throat by the forepaws, spring to the river, which was within a short distance, and hold the dog under water till he was drowned.

Some Australian marsupials are much smaller, as the kangaroo-rats, which feed on roots and grasses; one, the tufted-tailed kangaroo-rat, biting off tufts of grass and carrying them in his tail to make a soft nest to sleep in, while the tree kangaroos of New Guinea live in the trees, feeding on the leaves, and jumping from bough to bough; these are all easily recognized by their long hind legs and jumping habits, but the plump furry wombat or Australian badger, looks more like an ordinary animal. It is probable that the extreme length of its burrows is owing to its sensitiveness to heat or cold; but spite of the difficulty of keeping it above ground,

representatives of three distinct kinds have been maintained in the Zoological Gardens, though it has frequently happened that a tamed wombat has eluded the vigilance of its keepers and made a burrow. In Australia it has often weakened the foundations of houses by passing underneath.

The food of the wild wombat is entirely vegetable, but for milk it shows great fondness, and has been known to push the covers off the vessels containing it, and bathe in the milk as well as drink it.

Geological researches in New South Wales have revealed fossil remains of an animal closely allied to the wombat, but as large as an hippopotamus.

A well-known tree-climbing marsupial which also lives by gnawing the roots of plants is the kaolo, or tailless bear, sometimes also called the native monkey, or Australian sloth, which suspends itself from the branches by its claws. It is a gentle animal easily tamed, and a frequent pet in the houses of Australian sheep farmers, but its intelligence is small, for like all the pouch-bearers, the brain is insignificant in proportion to the other parts of the body, in this respect approaching more nearly to the reptiles than to other quadrupeds.

There was a very fine tree kangaroo in the Zoological Gardens about twenty years ago. A tree trunk was placed in its cage, when every spectator was attracted by the ease and certainty with which it leapt from branch to trunk and back again like a squirrel, seldom descending to the floor of the cage.

The beautiful *phalangers* or Australian opossums live in hollow trees, and come out on moonlight nights to feed upon the leaves, hanging from the boughs by long prehensile tails. Yet, all these animals have a pouch for their young, and while the long-tailed furry phalangers play the part of the fruit-eating monkeys, in a land where monkeys have probably never been seen, another group of them, the "Flying Phalangers," with a membrane stretching from the front to the hind legs, like the flying squirrels live at the very top of the gum-trees, feeding on leaves and flowers, and taking flying leaps with outspread limbs. Though often captured and brought over to this country, the unaccustomed confinement influences them to such a degree that we can learn very little concerning their true mode of life in a natural state, from their proceedings when in a state of captivity. The power of flight in the *sugar*

squirrel or *petaurist* is very remarkable. Mr. Bennett tells us that he has known one of these creatures leap fairly across a river one hundred and twenty feet in width, though commencing its flight only thirty feet from the ground. The *squirrel petaurus* is a pretty little animal with a long bushy tail about eight inches in length—the head and body measuring together eight inches, sixteen in all.

These are all vegetable feeders, but the *myrmecobius*, which takes up its abode in the crevices of decaying trees and cannot be dislodged by smoke or fumes, feeds on ants, which it captures with its long tongue. The *bandicorts* or rabbit-rats feed on roots, grubs, mice, and small vermin. There are few carnivorous animals in Australia, and they are small and fierce; yet the bones of huge marsupials with long-pointed teeth, found in the rocks, tell us that dangerous animals were there before they were driven out, probably by the dingo or savage man. And in Tasmania, where there are no dingos, the flesh-eating marsupials still survive as fierce as any wolves or wild cats of Europe, and still they are pouch-bearers. Slim and elegant as the fierce and furry *tiger-wolf* looks as he courses over the Tasmanian plains in search of prey, yet the mother carries her young in a pouch, like the gentler wombat or the powerful kangaroo, and so does the mother of the *native-devil* or *tiger-cat*, which though only the size of a small terrier, will attack and devour large sheep. In captivity it is treacherous and unamenable to kindness. It seems to be one of the few animals which are hopelessly untameable, flying at the very hand which supplies it with food.

The marsupials of Australia, cut off by the sea from the struggling world beyond, play all the parts of animal life in a world of their own; squirrels, monkeys, insect eaters, gnawing animals, hoofed animals, and beasts of prey, all have their counterparts among the pouch-bearers. Crossing the wide Atlantic or Pacific, we find another set of pouched animals, slightly different but belonging to the same group. Geological investigation has shown us that marsupials were living in Europe and North America at the same time with the pterodactyle and the ichthyosaurus and other extinct animals. Their forms were not unlike the little *myrmecobius* now living in Australia. But they must also have lived on in the Northern Hemisphere and branched into other forms, for when bears, hyenas, and tapirs were prowling in the forests of Europe and

North America, opossums were leaping in the trees, as we know by finding their bones in caves and river beds, in Suffolk, Paris, and North America.

The marsupials are also found in New Guinea or Papua, though not in the great Malay Islands ; but Mr. Wallace has pointed out that these with Borneo, Java, &c., are separated from New Guinea by a deep bed in the ocean, and that consequently a rise in the level of neighbouring lands which would unite them with the mainland would yet leave New Guinea a separate island, and in this way he accounts for the preservation of marsupials in New Guinea as well as in Australia and Tasmania. In these islands the weaker forms which were crushed out by the stronger ones on the great continents, found a domain of their own with a good open sea between them and their stronger neighbours. Here they have reigned as monarchs and still hold their own in spite of the animals introduced by man, while the opossums, taking to a tree life, make their home in the forests of America.

Australia, though now standing alone with its curious animal life, was in some far-off time joined to the mainland. Since its separation from the Eastern continent it has preserved for us, as in a garden, strange primitive mammals, such as the echidna, the platypus, and all the various forms of pouch-bearing animals.

M. BELL.

Footsteps in the Ward.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

SOME fifteen or twenty years ago I was working as a trained nurse in one of our large hospitals, and had charge of one of the men's wards there. Not very long before I left a strange thing happened to me, a thing that I have never forgotten, but which, great as was the impression it made on my mind, I had no clue to the meaning of until later on, when I was received into the Catholic Church and instructed in her doctrine. Then I felt, rather than understood, something of what may perhaps have been the cause of all that occurred that night, though a complete explanation I must not expect to obtain on this side of the grave.

Though so long a time has elapsed since the incident I am about to relate took place, yet every detail of it is as clear and distinct in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. As I have said, I was not a Catholic, nor had I at that time any intention of entering the Church; some of my best friends, however, were Catholics, people whom I knew to be thoroughly good and sincere, and, in consequence, I had ever felt a great respect for their faith, and on entering the hospital, had always done what I could to assist those patients whom I knew to be Catholics by seeing that they had all the consolations of their religion whenever it was possible. Many a time have I quietly let the priest who visited the hospital know that such or such a patient who had just come in was "a Roman," and often have I put the screen up when he was sitting by a bed and I saw that some poor fellow shrank from the gaze of curious eyes upon him, even though I knew quite well that the other patients were all really out of earshot. Father James and I were very good friends, and though I never said much, I knew very well the difference there was between his ministrations at a sick-bed and

those of the Protestant parsons who were often about the place, and I should no more have thought of sending unasked for one of the latter when a man was dying, than I should have sent for—well, one of the gentlemen on the hospital committee!

But now for my story.

Late one evening a man was brought in who had been terribly hurt by a fall from some scaffolding. It was a fearful case; his head and face had been badly cut, and though no bones were broken, there were some dreadful internal injuries, and the poor fellow was not expected to live through the night. As it happened, it was not my turn for the night-nursing, but the nurse who should have been on duty had been taken ill the day before, and another had been appointed in her place. I myself had been up the greater part of the previous night, attending a very bad case, and had been hoping all the evening to get off to bed early and have a good sleep, for I was thoroughly tired out. But when I stood by that poor man's side after we had settled him, whilst the doctors were talking together at a little distance, and saw what a sad state of suffering he was in, and how indeed he looked as if he could not live many hours, my heart misgave me at the thought of leaving him to the temporary nurse, who was young and inexperienced. I watched him for a few moments, turning over in my mind what it would be best to do, and just then Dr. M——, the head surgeon, came up.

"Sister," he said, in his grave, courteous way (we nurses were always called "Sisters"); "Sister, I hardly like to ask you, for I know you were up all last night, and have had a hard day's work to-day—but that man ought not to be left, and he wants some one who knows what she is about to be with him. Sister Maria, there, you know, is new to the work and scarcely up to such a case as this; I fear I must ask you to undertake it."

I was glad enough to do so, for though the man—he was a mason—was a perfect stranger, whom I had never even seen before, an odd feeling had suddenly come over me that I *must* stay and nurse him myself. I therefore made no difficulty, and the doctor promised to call in early the next morning, "Though," he added, "I really don't expect to find him alive."

He went away, and I called the second nurse, and we did what we could to make our patient comfortable. He was an oldish man, and to judge from his appearance, in pretty respect-

able circumstances, but there was a restless, *hungry* look in his eyes that was very distressing to see, as he fixed them first on my companion and then on myself, and then turned them all round the room as if looking for something. He did not speak, but I could not be sure whether that was from physical inability or because he did not choose to do so. The look on his face worried me, and I tried to help him by asking one or two questions—whether he had a wife or children, and if he wanted them—but he shook his head to everything, and presently lay still and closed his eyes in a sort of weary, disappointed way that was sad to behold. Of course his name and everything about him was on the card over his bed, but somehow or other, stupidly enough, in all the hurry and bustle of bringing him in, I had forgotten to look at it, and even now I never thought about doing so, though as a rule I always examined the cards carefully. But on this occasion the doctor's orders had been given verbally, so I suppose that had put it out of my head.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before all the arrangements for the night were finished and the day-nurses had gone to bed, and I was left alone with my patient. I say "alone," and practically I was so, for though the ward was a large one and nearly full, its inmates were all asleep or dozing, and the place was so quiet you might have heard a pin drop. Here and there a low moan or a restless sigh and movement would come from one of the beds, but there was no speaking, and the sufferer would soon subside into quiet again. I said my night prayers and then sat down to my watch by the sick-bed.

I am neither a nervous nor an imaginative person, and am moreover possessed of what my friends call "the enviable faculty" of concentrating my whole mind on the work of the present moment, so that on occasions such as I am now describing I was too much absorbed in thinking about my patient and in watching to see whether I could relieve him in any way, to have time for fancies or nervous imaginations, which might perhaps have attacked persons of a more sensitive temperament during the long hours of lonely watch in that silent ward. But there was little that I could do; the poor fellow was fast getting beyond all human help, and I could only strive now and then to soothe his restlessness by a quiet touch, or moisten his parched lips at intervals with a few drops of cooling drink. He groaned and muttered a good deal, but I could not catch any coherent words; nevertheless, I had a

strong conviction that he was all the time perfectly conscious, and that *he wanted something*, and that, moreover, he *knew* what he wanted, but either could not, or would not say what it was. Sometimes, when I was giving him a drink, he would open his eyes wide—and he had such large dark ones—and gaze at me with that same sad, questioning expression I had before observed, and which, without my quite knowing why, made me feel thoroughly unhappy. I suppose if I had been a Catholic, or had known more about the sacraments than I did then, I should have guessed at once what was the matter, but as it was, I did not know what to do to help him, so I said nothing and seemed to take no notice.

So the night wore on; midnight passed; one o'clock, then half-past one struck, the chimes of the big clock in the tower close by booming out with what seemed unusual loudness in the silence of the night. The sick man was growing weaker, but still he seemed likely to last some hours longer, and as he was then lying quiet and in less pain, I thought I would take the opportunity of going to my own room and getting some tea, which was always left in readiness for the nurse on night duty. My patient, however, could not be left unwatched, so I roused up the inmate of the next bed, a man whom I knew well, for he had been long in the hospital, and was in fact convalescent and expecting his discharge in a day or two. He was very good-natured and had often done little things of this kind for me before, so that I knew I could trust him. He was soon dressed and ready to take my place for ten minutes or so by the dying man.

"Don't hurry, Sister," he whispered, "I'll look after him, and if anything's the matter I'll fetch you directly."

I nodded and went off to my room, not sorry to get a warm by the fire and a cup of hot tea.

II.

Before I go on with my story, I must endeavour to explain the geography of the place a little. The long ward, where the sick man was lying, had a door at either end; one of these opened on to the principal landing, by means of which it communicated with the rest of the building, and whence descended "the great staircase," as it was called, that led to the chief hall and entrance of the hospital, whilst the door at the opposite end took you into a small passage, off which was my room,

and next to it the "operating-room," which belonged only to the surgeons. At the end of this passage there was a flight of stairs running down to a smaller entrance and side-door, through which patients were occasionally brought, but which had no communication with the other parts of the house. So I was really quite alone when I reached my little *sanctum*, though I had left the door of the ward and my own ajar, that I might hear if I were to be called. But I did not think about the loneliness—I was too tired—and sat down by the fire and made my tea, and as I drank it I thought of the poor fellow lying in there on his death-bed, and wished I could do something to ease him.

Suddenly, through the dead silence that reigned around, there came the distinct sound of a man's footsteps. It was so clear and seemed so close that I thought at once that it was Brown coming in a great hurry to fetch me, and I ran directly to the door of the ward. There was no one there, and on peeping in I saw him sitting quietly by the bed just as I had left him. I went back to my room, supposing I had merely made a mistake, but no sooner had I sat down than there came the same sound again. This time I could not be mistaken; it was the regular beat of a man's foot, as if some one was walking up and down quite near me. It was so distinct that it might have been in the very room, but I sat upright and listened intently, and then I found that the sound came from the adjoining chamber. I do not think I have mentioned that there was a door of communication between that room and mine, though each had another door as well, opening into the passage. This of course made everything that went on in the one room very audible in the other, and accounted for my thinking at first that the noise I now heard was actually in my own apartment.

"How very odd!" I thought; "it must be one of the surgeons who has left his instruments there; but what a very queer time to come for them! At any rate he needn't make all that noise and tramping about over it!"

I was just going to open the door between the rooms and tell whoever was there to be quiet, when I suddenly remembered that I had myself seen the entrance-door at the foot of the stairs barred and locked on the previous evening after the doctors had all left, so that no one could have got in that way. As I have said before, the only other means of reaching the

operating-room was through the big ward, and I was quite certain that no human being had passed through it since I had begun my watch in the evening. Who, then, could it be? Was it a robber who had secreted himself there? But for what purpose could he possibly have hidden himself in such a place? There was certainly nothing worth stealing, and he could not get into any other part of the building without being discovered. At any rate I did not want any night-walkers in my room, so instead of opening the door, which had been my first impulse, I stepped across very quietly and gently turned the key in the lock; then I stood for a moment and listened. Yes, there were the footsteps still going on, backwards and forwards, louder as they reached my door, turning and growing a little fainter as they went to the other end of the room, and then back again towards me.

For a moment I almost lost my self-control; I turned cold and shivered with fright. "Who or what *could* it be? What should I do? Should I call out, or scream?" And yet somehow I did not dare. Another five minutes I listened, and still the footsteps went on, steadily tramping up and down, and there was no other sound—no moving of the furniture, nothing touched in the room, nothing audible save the regular beat of a man's foot on the uncarpeted floor. I could bear it no longer, but ran as quietly as I could into the ward and beckoned to my fellow-watcher to come to me. He came into my room and I told him there was some one in the operating-room, and that he must take a candle and go in and see who it was and what they wanted.

"Don't you hear them?" I asked, as he looked rather astonished. He listened for a minute, and then shook his head and smiled.

"No, Sister, I don't hear anything; nobody can have got in there without our knowing, but if you like I'll go in and have a look."

He went to the door which I had locked.

"Not that door!" I cried, rather hastily, and without waiting for a light, he went outside and into the next room, I following him into the passage, but, I confess, feeling too much afraid to enter. The shutters were not closed, and there was quite enough light from the wintry moon to see if any one had been there. The man had closed the door and I waited outside, my heart beating quickly, for all the time there were those steps

going on backwards and forwards as steadily as ever! Was it possible that he could not hear them?

In a minute or two Joe came back, looking grave and rather queer.

"I can't see no one, Sister," he said, "but there's some one walking about there for certain; I heard them sharp enough as soon as I got inside the room. Here, lend me the light a minute." He took up the candle and I summoned courage to go just inside the door with him and peep in, but there was nothing to be seen; the room was in its ordinary state, just as as I had left it in the afternoon. Joe rummaged about and looked in all the corners, but there was decidedly no one there. He came out and shut and locked the door behind him. "It must be the wind, or rats, or something," he said; "there ain't nobody there anyhow, and 'taint no use your frightening yourself any more, Sister. Have you had your tea? Then come along back with me into the ward. The party's locked in safe, now, whoever he is," and with a slight chuckle he departed. Joe evidently did not believe in ghosts!

His presence, however, had restored my self-command, and I tidied up the room and prepared to go back to my watch. The steps seemed to have ceased, and I began to think that perhaps after all it had really been as he said, rats or wind. But before returning to the ward I took my candle and went along the passage to the head of the stairs and peered down into the dark hall below. All was perfectly still; neither sight nor sound disturbed the silence of the night, and after listening for a few minutes I turned to go back. I had not, however, taken a couple of paces along the corridor, before I heard once more those ghostly steps—and this time, not in the surgeon's room, but in the passage close behind me! Summoning up all my courage, I turned sharply round—so sharply that my candle was blown out, and I was left in darkness, but the steps had been so close to me that if there had been a body of any kind belonging to them I must have knocked up against it. There was *nothing*! As I stood still the footsteps also ceased—and then, for one brief instant I was conscious of a spiritual presence of some kind. Who or what it was, I do not know to this day, neither can I describe in words *how* the sense of that mysterious presence was conveyed to me; it was so subtle and so short-lived that in another moment it was as though it had never been—yet I am as certain that for one short second I was actually-

in some kind of communication with an invisible spirit (whether of man or angel, I cannot say), as I am certain of being alive at this moment that I write. Whatever it may have been, it was gone almost as it came, and as quickly as I could, I groped my way back into the ward, the sound of those invisible feet following me all the time. What did it mean? What could be the matter with me? I began to think that my brain must be overtaxed and excited, and if that were the case I knew the best thing to do would be to think as little as possible about it; besides, I did not want Joe Brown to find out how frightened I really was, for if he joked and told tales of me the next morning, I knew I should never hear the end of it, either from patients, doctors, or nurses! So I sat down by the bed and resumed my watch as if nothing was the matter, and told Joe, who was beginning to look tired, to go and rest a while. My patient was lying very quiet, only his lips kept moving, as if he was talking to himself, and every now and then he opened his eyes wide, and gazed with that queer look of his all round the room. I had just begun to forget all about the footsteps, when suddenly they began again, as if some one was walking to and fro at the foot of the sick man's bed. I thought they would disturb him, and involuntarily said, "Hush!" but the spirit—if such it was—paid no sort of heed and went on just the same, and I tried not to listen to the strange, monotonous sound, or to think more about it.

What could it mean? it must be in some way connected with my patient. I believed in guardian angels, and if I had known of anything that could be done for him, that was not done, I might have regarded these footsteps as a sort of implicit appeal. But he was being cared for, attended, watched, with all solicitude—everything that human skill could do for him was being done. I had nothing to reproach myself with. What could it all mean?

III.

About an hour passed in this way, and then the dying man began to get very restless. I had been told to give him a certain soothing medicine if this happened, and was preparing to do so, when I found that in the hurry of the previous night it had been forgotten and was not there; I should have to go down to the dispensary for it! I knew I *must* go myself, for I dared not neglect the doctor's orders, and as none of the

patients were allowed to go into that part of the building, I could not send Joe. I did not relish the prospect at all, for those dreadful steps were going on all the time, but there was no help for it, so I roused poor Brown again (who, by the way, was one of the kindest-hearted men I ever knew, and never grudged any trouble to help another), and leaving him in charge, I went down the big staircase. This, as I have explained above, was not the one near the operating-room, but at the other end of the ward, and the dispensary was along a little passage at the bottom. I shall never forget my going down those great silent stone stairs, with the doors shut on the landings all round, and my own footsteps echoing through the silence, whilst behind, at every step I took, came the sound of a man's foot, just two stairs above me. I tried to think it was only the echo of my own, though I knew all the time that it was nothing of the kind, but a totally different and heavier sound, such as a man's boot would make on the uncovered stone. There was one very strange thing about it—the tramp of that invisible foot made one single distinct sound as it descended each step, but *there was no echo to it*, whereas my lighter footfall was repeated—as all human footsteps were repeated on those stairs—in the hall below.

The gas-lights on the staircase were never put quite out at night, but burned low, and as I passed each one I turned it up to its fullest extent, thus giving myself a fine illumination on my way up and down! I suppose it was very cowardly, but I felt just then as if I could not bear the dark.

I knew just where to find the bottle I wanted, and when I had got it, flew up again as fast as possible, and glad indeed I was to be safely inside the ward once more.

I administered the medicine and was making some arrangements about the sick man, to try and soothe the pain, when suddenly there flashed before my mind the thought that perhaps there might be some special circumstances connected with his past history, that gave him an invisible friend (or it might be an invisible enemy) who came to fulfil a mission of mercy (or perchance of vengeance) at his dying hour. Who was he? I raised my eyes to the card that was at the back of his bed, and saw there printed in the corner, the letters R.C. I was struck at the sight with an intense remorse for not having looked at the card before; the poor man, then, was a Roman Catholic, and here he was at death's door, and perhaps in sore need of a

priest! I had learnt enough about the sacraments to know what absolution was, and had too often seen the effects of a good confession on some poor sinner not to believe in its efficacy, and I could not bear to think that any one who wanted and could get that wonderful pardon should lose it through my negligence. I feared, however, that this time I was too late, but I would do what I could, so I bent over the poor man and said in a low voice:

"I see you're a Roman Catholic; do you know that you are very ill, dying?" (It was no time to mince matters.) "Would you like to see a priest?"

To my dying day I shall remember the look that poor fellow gave me, for it went into my heart like an arrow; it was like that of a man in the agonies of starvation to whom I had suddenly held out a loaf of bread. He tried to raise himself in the intensity of his excitement, and stretched out his hands to grasp mine.

"Oh, Sister! can I? may I? Oh, if you can, get me one quickly! *I cannot die without!*"

There was a strange emphasis in the last words as he sank back utterly exhausted, but there was no time to question him.

"Of course you may," I answered; "but if only I had known before! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought it was forbidden," he whispered. "But ah, bring him to me soon; now, oh, now! *I cannot die,*" he repeated, though even as he spoke, I thought he would have passed away. The sudden hope had excited him too much, and I told him he must lie very quiet, or I could do nothing. He obeyed, but there was a new light in his dying eyes, and an earnest clasping of his hands, as he lay murmuring broken words of prayer which, Protestant as I was, touched me to the heart, and I too whispered a petition that God would vouchsafe to keep him alive till his desire had been fulfilled, and the words of pardon spoken over him by the priest.

There was no time to be lost, but at first I did not quite know what to do. I looked at my watch, it was just half-past three, too early for any one to be stirring for another hour or more. I dared not wait all that time, and yet I could not well go myself. Then I bethought me of one of the house-porters, who slept close by the great entrance door, and who would naturally be one of the earliest astir. He was a good-natured man, with whom I had always been friendly, and who

had often run errands and taken messages for me, and I felt sure he would not mind going now. I sat down and scribbled a hasty note to Father James, whose church and presbytery were close by, only a couple of streets off, and without thinking anything about the footsteps, for I was in such a hurry—though when I came to reflect afterwards I remembered they had followed me all the way down, just as they had done before—I ran downstairs and knocked loudly at the porter's door. There was some difficulty in rousing him, but at last I made him understand what I wanted, and how urgent the case was, and then he was ready in five minutes, and started off, with strict injunctions to tell the priest "he must look sharp, or he would be too late."

I shut the door behind him, and then sat down in one of the waiting-rooms; I suppose the excitement and suspense were beginning to tell on me, for though, as I have said, I am not naturally either a cowardly or imaginative person, yet now I was again alone, I felt actually afraid to go upstairs, and be followed by those ghostly steps. "Besides," I thought, "it will save time to wait here." So I waited, and tried to say some prayers, though what they were I am sure I do not know! The steps seemed to have ceased, but in about ten minutes they began again, not in the room, but up and down the hall outside, and—it may have been fancy—but they sounded to me louder and quicker, almost with a touch of impatience in the tread, and as I listened, my heart began to beat in time with that hasty but still regular tramp, and each step seemed to ring in my ears and say to me, "The time is short, make haste, the time is short." No doubt that was only my own excited imagination, for I do not think any one really spoke at all.

At last, after what seemed an age of waiting (though in reality it was scarcely twenty minutes), I heard the welcome sound of the porter's key in the latch, and Father James stood before me. His hand was hidden within the breast of his coat, and something in the quiet gravity and dignity of his mien—usually so bright and cheery—told me at once that he had brought the Holy Sacrament of his Church to the dying man; so I wasted no words, but in a low voice told him briefly the circumstances of the case, how I had only just discovered that the patient was a Catholic, and I feared he had a very short time to live, and so I hoped he would excuse my sending for him at such an hour.

"You did quite right," he answered, "take me up at once." As he spoke he gave me a searching glance, but I said no more, not wishing at that moment to say anything about the footsteps, or how frightened I had been, and then he followed me upstairs. I remember how he very considerably slipped off his shoes on the landing, so that he might not disturb the other patients, and walked noiselessly to the bedside of the sick man.

The footsteps had accompanied us up the stairs, just as they had followed me down, but as the priest passed through the door of the ward they stopped! The sudden cessation of the strange monotonous sound that had followed me about all through the night struck upon my heart with a thrill almost as great as their first hearing had occasioned, and for a moment the unexpected silence turned me sick and giddy. But I could not stay to think or wonder; the time was too precious, and indeed the scene before me soon occupied all my attention. Joe drew back as we approached, and I did not go up within earshot, so that what words passed between the two I could not tell, but I saw the poor dying fellow's face colour up with a strange flush as the priest drew near, and his two shaking hands go out as if in supplication, while Father James bent over him, and taking both hands in one of his own, made the sign of the Cross over him with the other, and then laid it in benediction on his head. Somehow or other the sight quite overcame me, and I knelt down by an empty bed and hid my face in my hands and cried. I saw Joe knelt too, and then for five or ten minutes there was silence, broken only by the low murmur of voices, and I knew he was making his confession. Then Father James stood up, and prepared to anoint the sick man. He beckoned to me to come and help him, which he sometimes let me do; I never ventured to offer, but I was always very glad when he asked me, for there is a strange peace and solemnity about the ministrations of the priest at a Catholic death-bed which, even in my most Protestant days, always touched and awed me, and at the same time brought comfort to my soul in a way I could not have explained. I have sometimes hoped and thought that it may be to the prayers of those who during many years I was able thus to assist at their last moments that I owe the grace of my conversion to the true faith. But I am not writing my own history, and this is only by the way.

After the anointing was over, Father James prepared to administer the Holy Communion, and I retired to a little distance and knelt down; I heard the solemn words of the *Ecce Agnus Dei*, and bowed my head, but at the whispered, thrice-repeated *Domine, non sum dignus*, I ventured to look up. I saw a wonderful sight: the poor man's face seemed quite changed, the drawn haggard look was gone; that questioning, troubled gaze which had so distressed me, had given place to an expression of peace and joy that was beautiful to see. The tears were running slowly down his white cheeks, and his hands, now damp with the dew of death, were crossed upon his breast, and clasped a crucifix. The priest made me a sign to come and raise him slightly, and then I saw the look of love and tenderness and awe, with which he received his Lord. It was a scene never, never to be forgotten, and I felt that from that moment I was, in heart at least, a Catholic.

We laid him gently back on his pillow, and he lay quite still with his eyes shut, while the priest pronounced the final benediction, and I heard him try to whisper the *Amen*. But his strength was fast ebbing away, and he never spoke again.

Father James put up his things, and I went down to the door with him. As we stood in the hall, I tried to tell him how glad I was he had been in time, but words seemed to fail me, and the kind old man looked at me rather anxiously.

"Something has upset you, Sister, has it not?" he asked. "You were looking as white as a sheet when I came in, but I could not stop then to talk, and now I see you are all of a tremble. Can I do anything for you?"

And then I took courage, and told him all about those mysterious footsteps, and how they had haunted and troubled me all night, and how they had suddenly ceased when he came in. "And Father," I added, "I can't help connecting them somehow or other with that poor soul upstairs."

He had listened to me intently, but without making any remark, and when I had finished, he still stood silent, as if considering something in his own mind. Then he turned to me with a grave sweet smile, and said: "Those steps will not trouble you any more, I think. God bless you, my child; you have done a good work this night;" and raising his hand he touched me lightly on the head, and turned to go, and as the gaslight over the door shone on his face, I saw there were tears in his eyes.

He spoke truly; I have never heard those steps again, and as, an hour afterwards, I reverently laid out the dead body of my unknown patient, and saw the look of peace and happiness that still rested on his worn features, I felt that I *had* done a good work that night, and that God, in His mercy, would perhaps in return, remember me at the hour of my death.

I have written the history of that strange night as it happened; I do not attempt to explain it. Once, long years after, I referred to it when talking with Father James, who had received me into the Church, and who was always my fast friend, but he did not give me any encouragement, or follow up the subject at all. He only said: "Yes, it was very wonderful. You ought to thank God, my dear child, for having vouchsafed to make you His instrument in the salvation of a soul. And let it make you never forget that 'God's mercies are above all His works;' that, 'His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.' Many a soul is carried by His holy angels from the gate of Hell to the gate of Heaven."

And with that I must be content till the time comes when all secrets shall be made known and all hearts shall be revealed, and I shall, I humbly hope, meet that soul in the light of glory before the throne of God.

Reviews.

I.—OUR SEPARATED BRETHREN.¹

AT the Liverpool Conference last autumn there was an interesting discussion on the duties of Catholics towards the many earnest minds of those who in this country are outside the Catholic Church only because their ideas about the Catholic Church are so erroneous, and it is so hard to make the truth reach them. Father Rivington contributed one of his telling speeches to the discussion, and was in consequence invited to write some papers on the subject for the *Catholic Times*. These papers are now republished in a separate form, "by the kind permission of the Editor and at the request of many friends." It is pleasing but not surprising that this republication should have been demanded. The nine chapters of the book are full of valuable information for Catholics desirous of knowing with accuracy the present state of Anglican thought, and full of forcible exposures of the unreality of the arguments on which Anglicans are wont to rely.

Beginning with an estimate of the "Present State of Things," Father Rivington recognizes in English life much moral earnestness, the existence of which he vigorously defends against Mr. Draper, and great indifference to dogmatic truth. The former is an inheritance from old days. It has all along been a characteristic of the English race. The latter is the result of the post-Reformation isolation of English religious life from the rest of Christendom.

Even this small residuum of dogma was losing hold on the English people when the Evangelical movement arose. And this and the later Tractarian movement, though both were in the direction of greater dogmatic earnestness, were powerless to arrest the growing indifferentism. It was only what was to be anticipated.

¹ *Our Separated Brethren*. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Publishing Company, 1893.

Dogma cannot live in the air; unembodied and unvoiced. Such dogma as the Church of England retained was buried in the four corners of the Book of Common Prayer, including thirty-nine articles of religion. But there is no provision for authoritative explanation as the shifting scene may present new combinations of thought, and call for new adaptations of language. The usual contention of the Anglican, at its best, is that of Nestorius and Eutyches. We have the Nicene Creed: what more do we want? . . . Hence the dogmatic formula tends to become dry: and men rightly see that progress is impossible, that progress which St. Vincent of Lerins described "as advance, but not change." The result is that the dogma, not being clothed with the freshness of living adaptations, loses its interest. And the English people have become the most undogmatic race on the face of the earth.

After a chapter on Freemasonry as the coming danger to which Anglicans, through their dislike of dogma, are peculiarly exposed, Father Rivington passes on to consider the Religious Forces at work outside the Church. He sets aside summarily Wesleyanism and Evangelicalism: Wesleyanism as having become essentially secular and naturalistic in its tone and tendency, Evangelicalism as having become emasculated by its concessions to the "peace at any price" policy. In Tractarianism, and even in its deteriorated offspring Ritualism, he finds, mingled with much that is bad, a distinct and potent influence for good in the land. This is a portion of the book which we would wish to see taken thoroughly to heart by Catholic readers. We thoroughly agree with Father Rivington, that in spite of the violent animosity to the Catholic Church which characterizes so many Ritualists, and is just now engaging them in a fierce propagandism of the traditional misrepresentations against her, the movement does us more good than harm, and is even worthy of a large degree of sympathy. These displays of hostility will be viewed with compassion rather than anger, if we will but bear in mind that this trampling down of our choice flower-beds is due to blindness rather than malice; and on this point Father Rivington speaks from experience. It is better to look on the bright than the dark side of Ritualistic work: at the returning attractions towards so many Catholic doctrines and practices, to the Real Presence, to the Holy Sacrifice, to Confession and Absolution, to the Religious Life, &c. And the author also bids us notice that the real leaders of the movement are not the Continuity lecturers and writers, but

Those who go furthest and come nearest in external appearances and in the teaching of their catechisms—of which the idea, shape, and

language is borrowed from Rome—to the teaching of the Catholic Church. Some of them use the rosary, which certainly is not primitive; some of them yearn for Benediction, but in vain; some of them use our books of casuistry in dealing with their “penitents.” Their missions and retreats are a close copy of our own, though less so, it is to be feared, than they were.

In other words it is the Catholic Church, the Church in communion with the See of St. Peter, which has been and is leading them on.

She had taught these truths all along in the rest of the world, to man, woman, and child. She now laid her spell over them (Tractarians and Ritualists). She had made her voice heard in England, though the listeners did not recognize that it was hers, nay, declared it was not. But she was preparing the way for their return to her bosom.

This theme Father Rivington develops most convincingly, and on that basis appeals for much patience with the shortcomings of these “separated brethren” on whom our Lord through His Church is working so marvellously.

The author passes on to deal with the “dark” and “a darker” side of the Ritualistic movement; the gradual abandonment of the principle of authority which was strongly held by the earlier Tractarians, and the corresponding relapse into the old Protestant Rule of Faith, under the slight covering of the unmeaning phrase, “Church of your Baptism.” Next comes an excellent chapter on the question whether History is, as claimed by Anglicans, their great stronghold, and not rather one of their special weaknesses. This is followed by an inquiry whether Döllinger—the Döllinger of his later days—is a safe staff for an Anglican to rest upon, and whether St. Vincent ever sanctioned their impossible reading of his famous *dictum*. The concluding chapter, under the title, “Rest in the Church,” deals with the strange counsel by which Ritualistic directors are wont to stifle in their “penitents” the desire to inquire into the Catholic claims, whenever the impossibilities of their actual position are forced on their attention—the counsel which bids them hold that uncertainty about the meaning of the Revelation and the whereabouts of His true Church, is a state of trial deliberately intended by our Lord for His people, and therefore a cross which they must strive bravely to bear.

This outline of its contents will suffice to attract readers to a book which will deserve their attention. It is not indeed a book to carry an Anglican inquirer all the way through his

search after the Catholic Church. For that purpose Father Rivington's other books, *Authority* and *Dependence*, will still be required. But it is an excellent little work to break the ground and convince a conscientious Anglican that further inquiry is needed.

2.—HISTORY OF RELIGION.¹

Few among living theologians have done so much to popularize theology as the Rev. Father Wilmers, S.J. His comprehensive *Lehrbuch der Religion*, which from an explanation of Deharbe's Catechism has in successive editions developed into a complete course of dogmatic and practical theology, is in the hands of almost every German-speaking priest. His *Handbuch der Religion* for the use of college students and educated lay people is in its English version fast becoming the most popular text-book on the Catholic religion. It is to his *Geschichte der Religion*, recently issued in its sixth edition, that we would here introduce the reader.

Like all Father Wilmers' works, this book has undergone a complete process of development, assimilating new matter, putting aside whatever was considered of less importance to make room for questions and facts of greater moment, always keeping pace with the progress made within the last thirty years in historical research as well as in apologetic science, and combating modern errors as they come to the front. The first edition of this work was only a small compendium of the history of religion, published as a companion, or supplementary volume, to the author's *Lehrbuch*. Now it is a complete and independent work, embracing not only a full history of the Church, but an extensive history and historic apology of revealed religion.

It differs widely from a Church history. Church history, within its legitimate bounds, presents a connected and reasoned statement of those events which appertain to the origin, growth, and development of the Church of Christ—its achievements for the salvation and for the spiritual, social, intellectual, moral, and even material well-being of mankind; while the history of revealed religion goes back to the cradle of the human race,

¹ *Geschichte der Religion* als nachweis der göttlichen Offenbarung und ihrer Erhaltung durch die Kirche, von W. Wilmers, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu. Sechste Auflage. Two vols. 8vo, 467 and 492 pp.

and from thence traces the dealings and communings of God with man, through the ages that preceded the coming of the Saviour. It marks the growth and development of revelation—the Messianic idea—from God's first manifestation to our first parents in Paradise to the Angel's message to the Virgin Mother in Nazareth. While revelation is one connected manifestation vouchsafed by God to man at sundry times and in divers manners, in times past to the Fathers by the Prophets, and last of all in these days by the Son of God Himself,¹ the Church and the Synagogue are two different and distinct institutions, having each its own special history. Hence it is plain that a history of revealed religion must have a character quite different from a history of the Church; and it is from this standpoint, of a history of revealed religion, that we must judge the work before us.

Another distinctive feature of this work is its apologetic character. It is intended as an historical demonstration of the existence of a Divine revelation and of its preservation by the Church; and we must confess that, as far as the historical evidence of the Divine origin of the religion of the Old and New Testament are concerned, no more complete and conclusive apology could be desired.

It is simply astounding how much matter the author has succeeded in condensing within these two moderate volumes. Nor would we venture to say that the work on that account lacks perspicuity. The author avoided this inconvenience by a skilful grouping of the facts and the use of different kinds of type. The outline of the history is succinctly given in large type, forming a connected narrative, embodying the principal facts, dates, &c. The minor details, controversial and apologetic points, are put in smaller type; while the still less important items, and the copious references, are relegated to footnotes.

It is needless to review the subjects treated in these volumes, as they are substantially the same as those of any other history of the Church of Christ and of the Old Testament of the same moderate dimensions—the difference being that, while here the general historic narrative is succinct, a much larger amount of space is devoted to those features which form the chief end and distinctive characteristic of the work—the development of revelation and dogma, and the historic facts upon which rest the evidences of Christianity. There is hardly a historical question

¹ Hebrews i. 1, 2.

of any interest to the theologian and controversialist which does not find a full treatment, a satisfactory solution. The rise, growth, character, and final suppression of the various heresies are described with a thoroughness and accuracy to be met with in few ecclesiastical historians. The growth and development of the various institutions of the Church from the first ages are brought out with great care, especially the primacy of the Holy See, the exercise of the supreme and infallible teaching office of the Pope. Besides, the development of Christian dogma receives special attention; and all those facts which are wont to be misrepresented and misinterpreted by the enemies of the Church are treated with special care.

As specimens of thorough historic and apologetic treatment we might refer to the sections on the Creation and the Deluge,¹ the learned article on the Chronology of the Bible and the dates of the Patriarchal age,² the state of Judaism and Paganism at the coming of Christ,³ the Resurrection as a proof of the Divinity of Christ,⁴ the rapid spread of Christianity as an evidence of its Divine origin,⁵ the testimony of the martyrs,⁶ the closing argument for the Divinity of the Church from its continued duration and triumph over all its enemies.⁷

The historic questions concerning the alleged fall of Popes Liberius and Honorius, the Galileo episode, and other facts misrepresented by the enemies of the Church, meet with full treatment in their proper places.

The reputation of the author for solid learning as well as patient research, and the fact that he has thoroughly revised and sifted his matter six times over for six different editions, ought to be a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of his statements. The work gives evidence of a minute study of the original sources, which are scrupulously referred to in almost every instance. The reader might be tempted, at first sight, to think that the copious references and learned footnotes are too much of a good thing. Yet, on closer examination, we must say that we would be sorry to be deprived of a single one of them, though they do sometimes mar the progress of the narrative.

Father Wilmers' *History of Religion* will prove an invaluable aid to the theologian as well as to the practical preacher and catechist. We need hardly add that it will be most welcome

¹ Vol. i. pp. 9—19. ² *Ibid.* pp. 48—66. ³ *Ibid.* pp. 192—204. ⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 226—231.

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 301—306.

⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 335, seq.

⁷ Vol. ii. pp. 465, seq.

to the educated Catholic who is eager to gather correct information on matters appertaining to religious history. A complete personal and real index greatly facilitates its use. A list of Popes and Emperors is also appended.

We hope we may have an English translation of this excellent work, as we are sure that it would be of the greatest value to the large number of English-speaking Catholics who are unable to read it in the original.

3.—PRIVATE PROPERTY IN LAND AND ITS OPPONENTS.¹
THE AIMS OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND LIBERAL IDEAS.²

The above are two brochures forming part of a series of small volumes dealing with the Social Question, the contents of which have, for the most part, at least, already appeared in the pages of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, but have now been collected, completed, and grouped so as to form connected treatises. For some years past a number of learned Fathers of the German Province S.J., have been contributing to the *Stimmen* exceedingly able articles on all subjects bearing upon the burning question of the day—the Social Question. How these came to be presented to the public in book form, may be best explained in the Editors' notice of the series: "At the general meeting of the Catholics of Germany at Coblenz, the wish was expressed amid great applause, that the articles on the Social Question published in the *Stimmen*, which were described by the speaker as 'an arsenal of useful and truly modern weapons of war,' might be made accessible in a new collected addition to a wider circle of readers. After the appearance of the long-expected Papal Encyclical on the Labour Question, the Editors of that periodical thought it their duty to pay the more attention to the call addressed to them as in many of those articles, precisely the weightiest teachings of the Encyclical were dealt with. The essays selected with a view to this end were revised, completed, and arranged in groups. They now appear in a series of volumes which can be bought separately." Such then is the origin of this set of pamphlets, two specimens of which we introduce to

¹ *Das Privatgrundeigenthum und seine Gegner.* Von Victor Cathrein, S.J. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1892.

² *Die Ziele der Socialdemokratie und die liberalen Ideen.* Von Michael Pachtler, S.J. Herder, 1892.

the notice of our countrymen. The several numbers range in length from fifty to a hundred pages, and in price from sixpence to a shilling. Accordingly we may hope that those interested in the subject will be tempted to buy and read these booklets, for while they lay no great tax on either purse or patience they present a very complete and able answer to many questions which are now exercising the minds of thinking men.

It is certainly much to be lamented that we have little or nothing of Catholic literature upon this subject in our own tongue. Mr. Lilly has supplied us with some light on these difficult problems; so, too, has Mr. Devas, in whom the reader of *The Groundwork of Economics* has learnt to discern a writer of great capacity and erudition; but for anything like full and exhaustive treatment on Christian and Catholic principles of the many social problems nowadays agitated, we are fain to look abroad, to study the works of our French and German co-religionists. Of these perhaps the most generally acceptable to readers of foreign literature, are the writings of the school of political economists, the most distinguished representatives of which are Le Play and Jannet. But there are some of us who entertain a bias for the Teutonic language and genius, especially in matters philosophical; to such this series of pamphlets may be confidently recommended as containing every quality that can entitle a book to careful study. Depth of reasoning, erudition and wide acquaintance with actual facts and the condition of the various classes of industrial workers are all to be found here.

The first condition for success in a scientific inquiry is manifestly a foundation of right principles. Now, as the author of one of the best recent works on Moral Philosophy, Father Cathrein, may be antecedently expected to keep clearly before him in the treatment of his subject those fundamental principles of ethics which alone can secure a satisfactory basis for the solution of the problems under consideration; and in effect he amply justifies this anticipation.

Father Cathrein divides his book into four sections: (1) Landed Property in the light of history; (2) Private Ownership in Land and Popular Economics, under which heading the doctrines of Mr. Henry George are discussed and an inquiry made as to whether the present increasing pauperism may be fairly laid to the charge of the private ownership of land; (3) Private Ownership of Land and Natural Law, the last article under this section

being an answer to the query, How far does the land belong to the people? and (4) The Necessity of Private Ownership in Land. This last section comprises three articles: Direct State Management, The Tenant System, and Collection of Rent. Here the author examines, but merely to reject, the only two possible ways of dealing with nationalized land.

In the historical review of the subject, Father Cathrein conducts his reader through an interesting examination of the Russian mir, the German mark-union, the land systems prevailing amongst the Hebrews, the ancient Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Chinese. The conclusions he thence arrives at we will give in his own words.

Two truths emerge from our brief survey of the history of ownership in land: firstly, that private property in land is as old as mankind, and secondly, that it has grown in proportion as culture has advanced. This undeniable fact is for one who looks beyond first appearances, a convincing proof not merely of the utility, but also of the necessity of separate property in land wherever higher culture prevails.

The fourth, and last, section of the book concludes with these words:

Thus also the scheme of land nationalization advocated by Mr. George is not feasible, and we can set it down as an uncontroversial result of our inquiry that agrarian Socialism, *i.e.*, the general nationalization of the land, is in practice just as unworkable as extreme Socialism. Private property in land, no less than private property in general, is an institution based on natural law, therefore on the will of the Author of Nature. The attempt to abolish it is a foolish violation of the order decreed by God.

These two quotations are sufficient, we think, to give a clear idea of the views adopted and defended with great learning and ability by Father Cathrein. We will now add a brief sketch of Father Pachtler's book, *The Aims of Social Democracy and Liberal Ideas*.

Father Pachtler discusses his subject under three heads, Social Democracy and Liberal Ideas in relation (1) to politics, (2) to religion, and (3) to economics. He points out that as regards politics the socialist commonwealth is the rejection of monarchy and the adoption of pure democracy. The republic of the future is socialistic, and professes itself to be popular solidarity. "In religion, Social Democracy," he says, "aims at propagating atheism; or, let us say at once, positive antitheism,

i.e., the formal hatred of God and Divine things." "We are the enemies of all parsons," writes the *Folkstaat*, "and from principle, enemies of all churches, just because we are atheists." Nor will these saviours of the people have anything to do with the Protestant Union or any species of "God-fearing men." "If they think that the future of our party is dependent on Christianity, this must not be. We shall ever strive to obviate this danger, to be absolutely godless." *En veux-tu, en voilà!* no uncertain sound there, or much encouragement for the benevolent clergymen who were trying some years ago to promote *Christian Social Democracy*¹ in this country. The whole actuating spirit of Socialism is radically un-Christian; there can be no playing with it. No resurrection, no hereafter; therefore, *carpe diem*, make the best of the present!² That being the socialistic motto, we may easily guess what will be their religion and morality.

Under the third head the author examines the origin of Social Democracy, and charges Continental Liberalism with having indirectly paved the way for this pest and directly promoted its development.

4.—THE SUMMA PHILOSOPHICA OF FATHER LAHOUSSE.³

The *Summa Philosophica* of Father Lahousse is, for the most part, a compendium of two larger works on Philosophy edited by the same author some years ago. One of them bears the title *Prælectiones Metaphysicæ specialis*, and consists of three volumes containing Latin courses of Cosmology, Psychology, and Natural Theology, whilst the other, under the title *Prælectiones Logicæ et Ontologiæ*, comprises in one volume Pure and Applied Logic and General Metaphysics. To the second volume of the compendium a treatise on Ethics has been added, short, it is true, but solid and substantial.

As regards the *Prælectiones*, enough has been said of them

¹ Cf. Rae, *Contemporary Socialism*, s.v. Christ. Soc. Democracy.

² Over the gateway of a Socialist cemetery in Berlin the wayfarer may read:

Macht euch das Leben gut und schön,
Kein jenseits ist, kein Aufersteh'n.

³ *Summa Philosophica ad mentem D. Thomæ in usum alumnorum Seminariorum.* Auctore G. Lahousse, S.J., olim Philosophiæ nunc Theologiæ Dogmaticæ in Collegio Lovaniensi S.J. Lector: Tomus Primus (408 pp. 12mo), Logica, Ontologia, Cosmologia. Tomus Secundus (419 pp.), Psychologia, Theodicea, Ethica.

in this periodical to prove that they hold a prominent place among the Latin Manuals which have marked the revival and development of Scholastic Philosophy under the Pontificate of Leo XIII.¹

The author generally is clear and solid, takes pains in his expositions and argumentations to keep up with the progress of science and the intellectual wants of our age, and gives copious references to ancient and modern writers. For these reasons the *Prælectiones* are a valuable help to teachers. To the common run of students the *Summa* will serve better as a text-book. It contains in about seven hundred pages in duodecimo all the subjects of greater importance treated of in the *Prælectiones*. These latter amount to more than twelve hundred pages in large octavo.

On the occasion of a new edition we think it would be better not to argue out in form the solution of difficulties as we find it done in the volumes before us, but to give instead of objections formally solved, principles for their solution carefully weighed and worded in such a way as to enable students to find the formal answer themselves. This arrangement would stimulate self-exertion, and aid in averting the danger of learning by rote ill-digested technical terms.

In the *Prælectiones Logicæ et Ontologiæ*, Father Lahousse maintained that St. Thomas taught a *real* distinction between the created essence of a creature and its actual existence. We are glad to see that in the *Summa* he has modified this statement. As before, he himself upholds a *virtual* distinction as sufficient, and now says of St. Thomas only, *De mente Angelici disputatur*.² It seems to us that the traditional explanation of St. Thomas, which attributes to him the real distinction mentioned above, rests simply upon a misunderstanding of terms. The Angelic Doctor scarcely ever uses the abstract term *existentia*. He constantly opposes *esse* to *essentia*, and says explicitly that *esse* is the *actuality* of the *essence*, or nature of a thing. *Esse est actualitas omnis formæ vel naturæ*;³ whilst by *essence* he understands the definition of a thing according to its genus, or species, or, in other words, the generic or specific

¹ See THE MONTH, vol. lxi. (1887, September–December), pp. 296, seq.; vol. lxiii. (1888, May–August), pp. 590, seq.; vol. lxv. (1889, January–April), pp. 137, seq.; vol. lxvii. (1889, September–December), pp. 134, seq.

² *Summa Phil.* vol. i. p. 209.

³ St. Thomas, *Summa Theol.* q. 3, a. 4. c.

notes which constitute our inadequate objective concept of a thing.¹

Considering these explanations of the terms *esse* and *essentia* given by St. Thomas himself, it is difficult to see why his often-repeated assertion that in every creature the *esse* is something else than its *essentia*, necessarily means anything more than that the essence of a creature is by itself nothing but a term of the Divine Intellect, resulting from the comprehension of the Divine Essence, in so far as this infinite Essence is imitable in finite things. Consequently it differs from its *esse* or existence as the realizable idea of an artist differs from its actual realization, whereas the Divine Essence cannot be rightly conceived as an ideal type realizable, but only as a Reality existing with absolute necessity. Thus explained, St. Thomas says nothing more than what every philosopher is bound to say, if he will keep free from the charge of pantheism. Yet there is nothing in the explanation just given from which it could be lawfully inferred that there is a real distinction between created essence and its actual existence. Other reasons for which we should hesitate to attribute this distinction to St. Thomas have been hinted at elsewhere in THE MONTH.²

Not all opinions of Father Lahousse are ours. However the differences are few and far between, and do not prevent us from acknowledging the great value of his *Summa* as a whole. Any student who digests it properly under the guidance of a good teacher, will be well equipped for the study of scholastic theology.

5.—THE FORMATION OF THE GOSPELS.³

Some eighteen months ago we had the pleasure of reviewing the first edition of this little work on the *Formation of the Gospels*. In view of the ingenuity of the theory and the skill with which it is worked out by the author, we are glad to find it has received sufficient attention to require a second edition at this early date after the first. The enlargement and revision amount almost to re-writing. For this reason, as well as for

¹ "Essentia proprie est id quod significatur per definitionem." (*De ente et essentia*, c. i.; *Summa Theol.* i. 29, 2 ad 3um; *Compendium Theologie*, c. x. et alibi.)

² Cf. vol. lxxvii. (1889, September—December), pp. 136, seq.

³ *The Formation of the Gospels*. By F. P. Badham, M.A. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner, and Co., 1892.

the great interest of the subject, we are glad to bestow a second notice on the theory.

Mr. Badham starts from some external evidence which he discovers in a passage of Papias, an ecclesiastical writer of the earlier part of the second century. Papias states on the authority of "John the Elder," that St. Mark was the interpreter (*ἐρμηνεύς*) of St. Peter, and wrote down in his Gospel what he had heard St. Peter say when instructing his disciples; and that on this account he was unable to follow the chronological order of events, a thing which St. Peter had not observed in these preachings, and which he himself could not supply, never having followed our Lord. The same Papias goes on to say that "St. Matthew wrote his Gospel in Hebrew, and that every one interpreted as he was able."

From this passage the author argues that our canonical St. Mark cannot be the true St. Mark, since ours adheres strictly to the chronological order, which the other, according to Papias, deserts; and that the true St. Mark is rather to be sought in a text now embedded in St. Luke, and in a less degree in St. Matthew, that part namely of St. Luke which is either peculiar to him or reappears elsewhere only in St. Matthew in the form of doublets or repetitions of what is also found elsewhere in the first Gospel. Of this text the main-stock is detected in St. Luke ix. 51—xviii. 14, and it is on the character of this portion that the author lays the foundation of his argument. For here, he says, is a Gospel marked by its independence of the context in which it is set, its absence of chronological order, and the adaptation of its incidents to preaching purposes. Having thus detected the true St. Mark, the author proceeds to explain the composition of the Gospels on the sole warrant of internal evidence. He finds two original documents, A and B, written before A.D. 70 (the date of the destruction of Jerusalem), B being intended as a supplement to A. A and B were speedily combined by some unknown harmonist. Somewhat later, a Pauline Christian having in his hand A and B, and the combination, AB, but with little original knowledge, produced an improved harmony, our second canonical Gospel. The true St. Mark was written about A.D. 72, the writer knowing nothing of the afore-mentioned documents. St. Luke combines the true St. Mark with the reputed St. Mark, and thus produces our third canonical Gospel. Later still the reputed St. Matthew was

formed by interpolating certain sections of the true St. Mark into AB. Mr. Badham does not express any definite opinion of the dates of our first and third Gospels, except that he considers them to have taken their present form before the writing of the fourth Gospel. In the time of Papias, there were existent and known to Papias, our St. Matthew and St. Luke, without the interpolations from the Preaching, and our St. Mark. These were the translations of the Aramaic Matthew made by each one as he was able. And by the Aramaic Matthew Papias meant the Docetic document called by St. Jerome and others "the Gospel according to the Hebrews."

This much was put forward by Mr. Badham in his earlier edition, although here, as we have said, the former argument is much more elaborately discussed, and a fresh argument is added from the construction of Tatian's *Diatessaron*. The new edition goes beyond its predecessor in claiming for St. Mark's record of St. Peter's Preachings a large portion of the Acts, of all save the "we" sections, and also the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, thus making a bold attempt to broaden the foundation of the theory by solving other perplexing problems simultaneously.

There are some points of internal evidence adduced by Mr. Badham which are striking, particularly some drawn from the vocabulary peculiar to the different portions. Still we have not much confidence in what is called the "internal evidence" for theories like this. There is so much room in it all for subjectivism, so much dependence on presuppositions about the methods of the Evangelists which critics are wont to assume too hastily. As we read Mr. Badham, we find ourselves in continual opposition even to inferences which he assumes as most manifest. We shall therefore confine our remarks still, as in our former notice, to the alleged external evidence for the theory. In addition to the observations then offered, and by which we are still disposed to stand, we submit the following to Mr. Badham's notice.

In the first place, the author's interpretation of Papias's second statement, that about St. Matthew, does not seem correct. According to Mr. Badham, this statement involves that Papias "was faced by the existence of several Greek Gospels, akin in matter and form, divergent in text, diverging in particulars, and a Gospel in Aramaic more or less resembling them;" that, his hearers having asked him to explain

these phenomena, his explanation was that the Greek Gospels were "irresponsible and somewhat licentious translations of the Aramaic." Surely the words of Papias imply rather that there *had been* an Aramaic original, which, however, was no longer extant; that for a while preachers and readers used to translate it into Greek for themselves, not in writing, but by word of mouth, as need required, and as best they could; but that in course of time an authentic translation had been made and was now in general use.

Secondly, we cannot make out whether Mr. Badham considers that the documents which Papias had in view were St. Matthew and St. Luke not yet interpolated from the "Preaching," to the exclusion of the canonical Matthew and Luke, or to the inclusion of the latter; our St. Mark he certainly considers to have been contemplated by Papias, as well as the "Preaching" in a separate form. In any case it seems untenable that all the synoptic Gospels in their present form were not known to the Christian community at Hierapolis when Papias imparted his information. And then comes the question, how could Papias confine himself to a remark about the relation of the Aramaic Matthew to its proximate version, and the distinctness of the "Preaching;" and not go on to explain how out of these elements the three canonical Gospels were formed by fusion?

Thirdly, the supposition is that Papias's Aramaic document was that afterwards called the "Gospel according to the Hebrews." Apparently the author infers that this, not the real Aramaic Matthew, was in view, because if the latter had existed till then, it is hard to explain its subsequent disappearance: whereas the "Gospel according to the Hebrews" was in existence till long afterwards, and may perhaps be re-discovered in its entirety, as it still survives in a few fragments. But this is to pass from Scylla into Charybdis. These extant fragments show this "Gospel according to the Hebrews" to have been leavened with Docetism, and besides to be of far inferior quality to the canonical Gospels. How could Papias have taken such a document to be the original Matthew, and the Greek documents under his eyes to be "licentious" translations of it?

Fourthly, wherever our second and third canonical Gospels travel over the same ground, with slight exceptions, the order of our St. Luke agrees with that of our St. Mark. Hence it is to the remaining portions of the third Gospel we must look

to see if the writer, or redactor, had any independent power of chronological arrangement, and it is just here that we are invited to recognize an absence of chronological order so striking as to indicate the hand of the true St. Mark. Now we would invite Mr. Badham to consider if these facts can be made to fit with the introductory passage of St. Luke, in which that writer speaks of having given special attention to chronological order, and claims authority for his arrangement on the ground of excellent opportunities diligently used. This introductory passage Mr. Badham necessarily ascribes to St. Luke's redaction, and it seems to us to bear quite as much if not more decisively on Luke ix. 51—xviii. 14, as on the statement attributed by Papias to John the Elder. If St. Luke gave the important section, ix. 51—xviii. 14, its present place in his Gospel, he must have placed it there because he felt that this was its true chronological position; and the same argument applies to the internal arrangement of its component parts. It cannot therefore be the document referred to by John the Elder.

And then, lastly, there is the old difficulty in all departures from the traditional account, that they imply a transition from the postulated originals to the eventually accepted Gospels which is unintelligible by the side of what we know for certain to have been in those very times the spirit and methods of the Church's organized life. This difficulty especially confronts all attempts to base such departures on the words of Papias, since Papias belonged to Hierapolis, a Church so near to Ephesus, and it is just to that neighbourhood that our evidences of the character of Church life in the second century directly apply. We need only to state this difficulty which is so well known.

As a final criticism, we would suggest to the author, should he take up his pen again on this subject, to have more compassion for the reader, and be fuller in his explanations. To catch his arguments requires a quite unnecessary expenditure of time, owing to the condensation of the style. He has, however, in the present edition given the reader one considerable help, by printing the synoptic texts entire, with distinctions of type to show the different elements he discerns in them.

6.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.¹

We had got to look forward with so much interest to the appearance in quick succession of volume upon volume of the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* that the comparatively long interval since the appearance of the last contribution had made us almost feel as if some explanation were needed of the delay. Reflection on the labour requisite to complete one of these commentaries should cause surprise rather at the speed than at the slowness with which the volumes succeed one another. The delay, however, seems to have been in the press rather than in the writing, if we may judge from the date of Father Anderledy's *imprimatur* to the present volume, which was given in 1891. In any case, we have at last to record the appearance of two bulky volumes, by Father Knabenbauer, on the Gospel of St. Matthew; and as if this were not enough, the announcement that commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans and on the Book of Genesis are already in the press.

Father Knabenbauer's present contribution reaches us too late to allow of our bestowing on it at once such an examination as it deserves. We shall hope to supply that in our next issue, but meanwhile we desire at least to make known its appearance. In accordance with the plan of the series most of the critical questions affecting the character of the Gospels as a whole are not raised in the Commentary. They have already been discussed in Father Cornely's Special Introduction. Father Knabenbauer has also remanded such "critical" theories as affect the detailed incidents of the Gospel to an Appendix. The result is that our feelings are spared, which could not fail to be distressed by the intrusion of such irreverences into some of the most touching incidents of the Life of all lives; and we can apply ourselves to a calm and independent study of the text. And this is what is so essential if we are to appreciate the divinity of these inspired writings, particularly of the Gospels. The modern theories which undertake to show us that our cherished possession in Holy Scripture is but a human work after all, are wont to fix and found themselves on a few puzzling passages or features. They pass over all the rest with a cursory inspection. In this way the genuine impression which a deep and prayerful study of the entire text is calculated to produce

¹ *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ. Commentarius in Evang. S. Mathæi.* Auctore Josepho Knabenbauer, S.J. Duo Tomi. Freiburg: Herder.

is altogether missed. Let Catholic readers pursue the opposite and more rational method, which will lead not only to a profounder conviction that the Bible is the Bible, but to a realization of its manifold spiritual beauties which cannot fail to afford solid nourishment to the spiritual life. What an able guide to this study they have in Father Knabenbauer they already know.

7.—AFRICA.¹

The poem before us, entitled *Africa*,¹ is a drama in five acts, to which the first prize (10,000 frs.) was awarded by the judges in the international competition founded by Cardinal Lavigerie for the best work on African slavery. The author, one of the Professors of the University of Louvain, sets before the reader a graphic delineation of Africa in her agony and in her regeneration: Africa expiring in the pitiless grip of the slave-dealer, and rising to new life under the beneficent influence of the representatives of Christian civilization. The scenes are principally laid in Uganda, on the first introduction of Christianity, before the events which recently occurred there turned the eyes of all Europe in that direction. On African soil, the Preface states, three powers are now engaged in combat: Barbarism, Islamism, Christianity; the drama depicts their struggle, in the issue of which the most sacred interests of humanity are concerned. In the first act we see the generous European devoting himself to the liberation and evangelization of the enslaved Africa; in the second, some of the horrors are described with which the eloquent utterances of Cardinal Lavigerie made us familiar, and which were officially prohibited through foreign influence; the third, fourth, and fifth portray the hatred and vengeance of the Arab trader, the temporary triumph of the Mohammedans, and their ultimate defeat, after having inflicted cruel suffering and exile on the Christian apostles and their neophytes. The verse in which this interesting drama is clothed is of no mean merit. The opening scenes are in the style of Racine's religious plays. The language is forcible, picturesque, and elegant, while rhyme and rhythm flow on in easy grace and melodious harmony.

¹ *Africa*. Drame en cinq actes, en vers. Par Edouard Deschamps. Couronné au concours littéraire international. Paris, 1893.

8.—A SWISS STATESMAN.¹

The fact that Baumgartner's biography is to a great extent a history of Switzerland, particularly of the Canton of St. Gall, during nearly half a century, in which period he took a conspicuous part in its government, gives to the volume before us more general interest than it might otherwise possess. This is especially the case in regard to Germans, because the questions which agitated Switzerland from 1830 to 1870, have since that time assumed great prominence in Germany. The author is Father Alexander Baumgartner, S.J., who is well-known as an accomplished linguist, a clever, agreeable, and indefatigable writer; he publishes this memoir in compliance with the express desire of his father, whose literary remains and extensive correspondence afford ample material for its compilation.

Baumgartner, born in 1797, was brought up in an atmosphere of Liberalism. His teachers at St. Gall and Freiburg, where he attended the Gymnasium and commenced the course of study for the legal profession, were, although Catholics and for the most part priests, infected with the opinions of the free-thinkers of the day; nor in Vienna, where he completed his studies, and obtained an appointment as private tutor, were the influences to which he was exposed much better. As member of a harmless Swiss club, he came into collision with the police authorities, and was expelled from Austria. On his return to St. Gall, he entered upon a political career, and soon became one of the leading statesmen of the Canton.

Although Baumgartner was no unbeliever, the attitude he assumed was directly hostile to the Church. He looked upon ecclesiastical as antagonistic to secular power, and regarded the Church as the light of an enemy to the independence and material prosperity of the State. But democrat as he undoubtedly was, he did not go all lengths with the Radical party, and the attack upon monastic institutions in 1841 was the cause of a complete if a gradual change in his opinions.

The contest which raged throughout Switzerland at this time, was not merely an external one as far as Baumgartner was concerned, the battle had to be fought out at the same time in his own breast. His

¹ *Gallus Jacob Baumgartner, Landammann von St. Gallen, und die neuere Staatsentwicklung der Schweiz.* Von Alexander Baumgartner, S.J. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, 1892.

erroneous views as to the relation of Church and State, his connection with the leading Radicals of the day, drew him almost irresistibly to the side of Radicalism; but his sense of justice revolted from breach of contract, from coercion and spoliation of convents, and his diplomatic genius, his varied experience, inclined him strongly to take part with the honest well-intentioned men who hoped by the proposal of moderate measures, to calm the storm excited by sectarian hatred. Could he have regarded the question from the standpoint of a loyal, well-instructed Catholic, his duty would have been plain to him, but as he still looked upon conventual institutions as an obstacle to civilization and to the welfare of the State, it cost him a whole year of hard and bitter struggle before he could wrench himself free from the advocates of violence and ally himself to those of justice. (p. 181.)

In the Federal Assembly of 1841, Baumgartner voted with the Conservative members, and spoke in defence of the clergy. He was no lover of compromise: as one prejudice after another was dispelled, and the conviction grew upon him that only on truly Christian principles could the well-being of his country be secured, and that religious liberty was essential to the Christian State, he became a loyal son of the Church, a zealous champion of her rights. On account of this change he had to sustain no inconsiderable amount of persecution from the Radicals, and many humiliations and insults fell to his lot. He withdrew for a time from political life, and joined the Protestant Conservative leader in editing the principal Swiss journal of the day. Soon, however, he took office again, and was appointed to the post of Landammann (chief magistrate) of the Canton.

To this man of simple habits and unassuming exterior (his biographer tells us), whose career was one of continual, conscientious, and most unselfish activity, the Canton of St. Gall owes to a great extent its present political constitution, its well-ordered executive government, the network of highroads which facilitate intercommunication, the introduction of railroads, the impulse given to material progress, the erection of St. Gall into an independent diocese, and the partial emancipation of Catholics from an antiquated, oppressive subservience to State rule; besides a long period of equitable and beneficent government, a golden age of almost unparalleled prosperity for the land and its inhabitants. In a word, no one contributed more largely to the rise and growth of the Canton, and the establishment of its constitution on a firm and permanent basis. (p. 521.)

Even his political opponents pronounced Baumgartner to be the ablest Swiss statesman of this century. His sagacity,

far-sighted intelligence, administrative power, and oratorical gifts marked him as one fitted to rule the destinies of his country. In his later years he was sincerely pious, and fulfilled the duties of a practical Catholic with punctilious exactitude. Never did he fail to take part, either in his public or private capacity, in the procession of Corpus Christi. In all matters of importance he had recourse to prayer before decision. The Rosary was a devotion he loved much, although he had formerly considered it somewhat wearisome, on account of the continual repetition. His favourite devotional books were the Roman Missal, the *Imitation*, and the *Confessions of St. Augustine*. During the last twenty years of his life he took a keen interest in all the important ecclesiastical questions of the time, and the Catholic cause always found in him a zealous supporter. It was owing to some offence taken by his Protestant constituents, who applied to him the epithets, "Jesuit" and "Ultramontane," that in 1864 he retired altogether from public life and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Until that time Baumgartner had enjoyed exceptionally good health, but sedentary occupations ill-suited his active temperament. In the winter of 1868-69 illness came upon him. He bore it with patience and cheerfulness, spending his sleepless nights chiefly in prayer for his children; both for his two sons who survived him, and the three daughters who had preceded him to the grave. He died in July, 1869, at the age of seventy-two years.

9.—A MIXED MARRIAGE.¹

Lady Amabel Kerr's story of a mixed marriage has already appeared in the pages of THE MONTH, and the publication of it in separate form will, we imagine, be regarded as a matter of course by all who have read it and appreciated the remarkable skill displayed by the authoress in its construction. It is one of the few stories that we have ever read having for its immediate object to enforce an important practical lesson, which is not either dull, or else silly and unconvincing. Many interesting and able novels have indeed been written to redress some abuse or to call attention to some existing evil,

¹ *A Mixed Marriage*. By the Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1893.

such as *Never Too Late to Mend*, which brought out the bad management of our prisons, or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was a powerful attack on slavery, or (to descend to a lower level) *Mugby Junction*, which certainly succeeded in an economic reform which the English traveller appreciates. But we do not remember any instance of a first-class story which has for its open and avowed object to impress upon its readers the countless evils which gather round a practice which may indeed under certain circumstances be permitted by the Church, but nevertheless is productive of most serious evils on which we need not enlarge here.

The name of the book sufficiently indicates its purport. A Catholic girl, pious and with excellent intentions, but not very strong in character, marries a young Protestant nobleman, of the average type of young Englishmen of good position at the present day. They love each other fondly: he is willing to make the necessary promises, and poor Margaret cannot be seriously blamed for believing him. The story of the marriage and its consequences is told with great skill of portraiture and with a faithfulness to the average history of such marriages which cannot fail to appeal to the reader and to carry conviction with it. There is no exaggeration: no striving after effect, no attempt to paint too darkly what is dark, or to leave out the bright and happy features of the life which the authoress puts before us. The story is beautifully written, is full of simple incident, and indicates a very great power of making an ordinary life full of interest to the reader by those delicate and life-like touches which indicate a thorough knowledge of the craft of descriptive writing.

There is one point which seems to us a little out of proportion. In the last chapters poor Lady Alne droops and dies with a rapidity that is simply phenomenal, at least in the narration of it. The reader naturally expects that the closing scenes of the life of one who is the central figure of the story will not be passed over hurriedly. Hand in hand with this is another point which some may regard as unsatisfactory. The reader's interest in Lord Alne and Arnold will make him regret that he learns nothing of their final destiny. But here we imagine that the author purposely leaves their fate undecided, and we think she does so wisely.

The book is neatly and even elegantly got up, and is one of the signs of the advance of the Catholic Truth Society, not in

the quality of their publications (for here there was scarcely room for improvement), but in dimension and in the class of readers appealed to. For *A Mixed Marriage* is a book for the drawing-room table, or for a prize in high class convent schools; and for the parochial library too, for the matter of that, since it offers to the middle-class reader the attraction and the advantage of giving a true picture of the life of high-born men and women, and in this is a contrast to the vulgar novel which professes to describe and really caricatures the ways of the "Upper Ten."

In fact, it is a book on which every Catholic will do well to spend a leisure hour, and we can promise that the hour will be spent with pleasure and profit. Above all, we hope that every one will read it who is exposed to what we cannot help calling the misfortune of being drawn into a marriage with one who is outside the Church. For though such marriages are sometimes to the non-Catholic party, the occasion of the inestimable benefit of conversion, yet this is the exception, not the rule, while to the Catholic they are almost invariably a source of after-regret, often of lifelong sorrow. Where there is a great gulf between husband and wife on the most important subject in the whole world, how is a union of hearts possible? Where children see father and mother differing on that which they are told is the mainspring of happiness, and should be the chief central interest in their lives, how can they grow up undivided in their loyalty to the Church? One of the many evils of mixed marriages, is the weakness of faith that so often develops in the offspring as time goes on. But we must not enter on this thorny subject, on which Lady Amabel Kerr speaks thoughtfully, gently, and moderately, not so much stating as leaving the reader to infer the truth, and avoiding with skilful tact anything that could give offence to those who have contracted mixed marriages.

IO.—GUIDE TO THE ORATORY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.¹

Catholics of this land hardly realize the debt they owe to the sons of St. Philip Neri. The Oratory has been to Englishmen in some respects what the journeys of Saints Wilfrid and Bennet Biscop to Rome were to their Saxon forefathers. It has brought within their reach and into their midst the full and

¹ *Guide to the Oratory, South Kensington.* London: Burns and Oates, 1893.

perfect tradition of the Mother of the Churches. What years of persecution and terror had made them almost forget, it has placed before them in all its completeness, the services, the ceremonial, the popular devotions of the central city of Christendom. It has given those of them who have not travelled in Catholic lands the opportunity of witnessing in all their magnificence in a vast and splendid church those rites of which Westminster and St. Paul's have been robbed. But far more valuable even than this, the loving spirit of the Apostle of Rome, his popular instructions, his heart-stirring devotions, his union of beautiful words to beautiful music has done much to raise up English Catholics from the depressing lethargy into which in too many places Catholic services had sunk.

The book before us is admirably adapted to make the Protestant sightseer read with advantage the lesson which the Church of the Oratory lays open before him. It does not attempt to extol the excellence of the architecture, nor to criticize what may be its defects. It exercises a wise reserve, and acts only as a friendly guide, desirous rather to point out the hidden meaning of picture, statue, or observance, than to claim the admiration of the stranger for the splendour of the material building. Without descending into the arena "of the styles," it quotes the remarkable words of Father Faber, when yet an Anglican—words which might well have served for the motto of his life—"To look Romeward is a Catholic instinct seemingly implanted in us for the safety of our faith." They are a good English version of the principles of St. Ignatius, which he has left us in his rules *ad sentiendum cum Ecclesiâ*.

The illustrations in this *Guide* are excellent, the instructions solid, and the whole most interesting. It is likely to be of use not merely to a chance visitor to the Oratory, but to all who are interested in Catholic architecture in every land.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE *Regula Sancti Patris Benedicti*¹ is a reprint, with emendations of the edition of the Rule of St. Benedict prepared by the author for the Centenary in 1880. It has been the aim of Father Schmidt, by careful collation of the oldest editions of the Holy Rule, to present to the public a version which may most nearly approximate that written by St. Benedict. Father Schmidt has taken an early manuscript of the Monastery of St. Gallen as the basis of his work, and has used every effort to render his work a scholarly production. To the text of the Rule are added some prayers, which will be of use to those having a devotion to the great Patriarch of Western Monachism.

In Father Lescari's little book, of which a new translation has just been published by the enterprising Catholic Truth Society, our Lord present in the Blessed Sacrament is, under thirty-one different titles, made the object of meditation to the pious soul that receives Him in Holy Communion.² There is a *Preparation* for each day, which asks the three questions: "Who cometh?" "To whom doth He come?" and "Why doth He come?" returning to each a suitable answer taken from the words of Holy Scripture. Then follows an *Aspiration* before and after Holy Communion, and a very brief *Thanksgiving*, all couched for the most part in language drawn from the inspired writings. We strongly recommend these brief but touching meditations to the devout communicant. They are well suited for spiritual Communions also, and thus may be used daily by those who do not actually communicate every day. The *Eucharistic Month* has a curious interest arising from the fact that an Anglican translation of it was published over forty years since with a commendatory Preface bearing the initials, H. E. M.

¹ *Regula Sancti Patris Benedicti*, juxta antiquissimos codices recognita ab Edmundo Schmidt. Ratisbonæ, 1892.

² *Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, or the Eucharistic Month*. By Father Lescari, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Those who desire to read a solid theological enumeration of the various motives for taking the Heroic Act of Charity for the benefit of the Holy Souls, should read Father Morris' miniature treatise on it,¹ reprinted in more convenient size from a former edition now exhausted. Nine separate advantages are recounted one by one to induce generous souls to make what involves, in one respect, a personal sacrifice, but at the same time, like every other good work, a personal gain altogether counterbalancing the sacrifice. The Indulgences attached to it are very great, and a list of them is given in these pages.

To Calvary,² is a little book of advice as to the best method of making the Stations of the Cross, from the French of Père Abt, S.J., with short and suitable prayers and meditations for each Station. It will be found most convenient and practically useful by all who seek to honour our Lord in His sacred Passion by following the Way of the Holy Cross.

The *Mixtur gegen Todes Angst*³ of the Rev. Alban Stolz, is a book so popular in Germany that it has passed through at least twenty editions. It is by his own testimony the fruit of the extremely hard life which he led for six years amongst the rough people of his first parish of Neusatz, and it bears upon it the stamp of the earnestness, the meditative habits, the practical experience of a pious, thoughtful, hard-working priest, who was ever bent upon bringing home to his people by vivid images and telling arguments the great truths which would best turn them from evil and win them to the practice of Christian virtues. Its English title, as published by St. Anselm's Society, runs, *The Sting of Death: Its Antidote*, but the author is content to devote his first chapter only to "The Sting," whilst allotting six to "the Antidote" or various virtues which bring a man peace on his death-bed. The teaching of this little book is solid, the treatment simple, engaging, pleasant, and the style homely, picturesque, and not without an agreeable spice of humour. It ought to be as popular here as in Germany, and that with all classes; and whoever reads cannot fail to find himself the better for its perusal.

¹ *The Heroic Act of Charity*. By John Morris, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *To Calvary*. A new method of making the Stations. From the French of Père Abt, by L. M. Kenny. London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *The Sting of Death: Its Antidote*. By the Rev. Alban Stolz. London: St. Anselm's Society, 1892.

*How to live Wisely*¹ is the title of a little book which is a very treasure-house of valuable counsels for the wayfarer on life's high-road, reminding him of the goal towards which he is journeying, of the dangers that beset his way, the obstacles that will hinder his progress, the by-paths into which he may be tempted to stray. In the limited compass of a volume of small size, that may easily be carried about with one, the truths of religion are set forth in a simple and concise form; and amongst these "chips and shavings from the workshop of a Christian apologist," as the author, a Dominican Father, modestly terms them, the ignorant will find instruction, the afflicted will find comfort, the erring will find guidance, the weak and wavering will find encouragement and support. Some of these words of wisdom are in verse, and may easily be committed to memory.

*The Secret of True Sanctity*² is a collection of rules for advancing in virtue, taken from St. Francis of Sales, M. Olier, Father Crasset, Father Faber, or other spiritual writers, all of them men of great holiness and sound theological knowledge. The first part of the book consists in practical rules for the sanctification of our ordinary actions, the second of a treatise on the interior life, drawn chiefly from St. Francis of Sales, and the third of an account of union with God by contemplation, comprising a treatise by the same Saint and a preliminary chapter by Father Crasset. Each part contains most valuable spiritual directions, though we hesitate as to whether the piecing together of chapters from various writers does not mar the unity of the whole. The spirit of one ascetical writer is different from that of another, however excellent each may be, and still more is the spirit of one school different from that of another. St. Francis of Sales, M. Olier, Father Crasset, and Father Faber are different types, differing in style, expression, and mode of thought. In spiritual guidance unity is of importance, and even where there is no conflict of opinion between the various contributors to a combined treatise, yet it is difficult to secure that perfect identity of system that is desirable as a means of fostering devotion.

¹ *Lebensweisheit. Splitter und Späne aus der Werkstätte eines Apologeten.* Von Father Albert Maria Weisz, O.P. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herders'che Verlags-handlung, 1893.

² *The Secret of True Sanctity.* According to St. Francis of Sales and Father Crasset, S.J. Translated from the French by Ella McMahon. New York: Benziger Brothers.

There are many Catholics in England, and still more in America, who are so far removed from a Catholic church that to assist at Holy Mass is for them practically impossible. Yet many of them are most anxious to sanctify the Sunday, and deeply regret their inability to be present at the Holy Sacrifice and to listen to the instruction that the pastor gives week by week to the assembled faithful. The loss of the sermon is, however, an evil that may be supplied by the reading of some printed discourse on the Epistles and Gospels for each Sunday. It is not easy to find suitable sermons for family or private reading, and Father Redmond supplies a recognized want by his two series of Short Sermons for every Sunday in the year on the Gospels and Epistles respectively.¹ The series on the Gospels was published some years ago: a similar series has just appeared on the Epistles. They take for their subject one, or other of the prominent thoughts contained in each Epistle. They are simple, practical, clear in statement, and full of useful thoughts for every class of reader.

The Catholic Truth Society has published two more penny tracts, written by Father Sydney Smith, and they are very interesting. The first of them is called, *How the Church of England washed her Face*.² The title, as every one must see, is taken from the well-known answer, attributed to Dean Hook, given to the question, "Where was the Church of England before the Reformation?" "Where was your face before it was washed?" Father Sydney Smith has availed himself of the extremely valuable letters contributed to the *Guardian* in November last by the well-known editor of Burnet's *Records of the Reformation*, the Reverend Nicholas Pocock. These letters show unanswerably how the process was carried on that Dean Hook called washing the face of the Church of England. He shows that among Elizabeth's Bishops, Lutheranism itself was regarded as almost intolerably High Church, and that the Queen's choice of persons to fill her sees lay between Zwinglians and Calvinists. "As to the belief in an Apostolical succession in the Episcopate," says Mr. Pocock, "it is not to be found in any of the writings of the Elizabethan Bishops. Unmistakable evidence of this as regards Bishop Jewel of Salisbury exists in his correspondence with Archbishop Parker," in which he

¹ *Short Sermons on the Epistles for Every Sunday in the Year*. By the Very Rev. N. M. Redmond, V.F. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet.

² *How the Church of England washed her Face*. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

complains in April that priests had been ordained in his diocese against his will, by an Archbishop-Elect of Armagh, who was not consecrated till June,¹ and yet Jewel made no complaint of invalidity. Wright, Bishop of Bristol, "one of the better sort," "allowed the singing men of his Cathedral to act as if they were priests in laying hands on the clergy ordained by him." As to the Church service, up to the time of Laud, the result of the face-washing process was that "the ordinary Matins and Evensong, the only service used on Sunday in the churches, was said by the minister, who in most cases wore no surplice and curtailed the prayers in various ways, to make room for the sermon, if indeed he did not omit them altogether. The congregation sat, the men wearing their hats or not, as it suited their convenience; the communion-table, standing in the body of the church, being made the receptacle for such hats and clothes as were not being worn, and frequently used as a seat by any one who was not accommodated with a pew." And so on. Mr. Pocock has had the honesty to tell the truth, and his letters fully justify Father Sydney Smith in saying that if the Church of England washed her face, it was with "a scrubbing-brush dipped in very muddy water indeed."

The other tract by the same author is *Mr. Collette as a Historian*.² It is usually a drawback that work of historical value that deserves to outlive temporary controversy, should bear a name that will soon be forgotten and answer objections that are without force. In this particular case we are inclined to think that the use of Mr. Collette's name will not injure the permanent interest of Father Smith's contribution to the history of Henry VIII.'s iniquitous divorce. He has taken the opportunity of some glaring misstatements to examine several points which have been well handled by modern writers, and on which fresh light has been thrown by the publication of *Calendars of State Papers*, and Catholics will be glad to have the results of the latest comparisons and examinations on various details compendiously and lucidly treated. The handling of Mr. Collette, and his thirty-five "Deviations" from truth in half a tract of his, enliven and amuse the reader as he studies the

¹ Mr. Pocock says that "if this be the same person who had held the see of Kildare, 1550-4, he must either have acted as Bishop without being consecrated, or else he underwent a second consecration in 1568."

² *Mr. Collette as a Historian*. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

grave points of history, and we think that they may preserve Mr. Collette from being forgotten, though it will be only by keeping him still in the pillory.

Mrs. Raymond-Barker has written for the Catholic Truth Society five short, smart, simple little stories for one of the numbers of the Penny Library of Catholic Tales.¹ They are good without being goody-goody. *Caught and Cured* seems to us the best of them, and we presume that it is founded on fact, as it is an account of the penance given by the Curé d'Ars to a fiery young Frenchman, and its results. But all the stories are interesting and edifying. *The Queen of the Air* is not so much a story as a biographical account of a girl brought up as an acrobat, who was brought into the Church by God's wonderful providence in wonderful ways.

Un Pape Belge,² a brochure upon a Pope of whom little is known, is a model of accurate work. Stephen was, like so many of his immediate predecessors, of German origin, and, like more than one of them, connected with the Imperial family. He lived in the days when the influence of Hildebrand was already being felt, and when the Papacy was breaking its fetters and coming forward once more in all its splendour. Leo IX. took him from his canonry at Liége and made him his Chancellor. He was sent as Legate to Constantinople, to endeavour to heal the Eastern schism, and fell into the hands of the lawless Tramondo, Count of Chieti, on his return to Italy. On being freed, he retired, voluntarily or involuntarily, to Monte Cassino, of which abbey in course of time he became Abbot. On the death of Pope Victor, the Abbot was elected by the free votes of the Cardinals, and forced unwillingly to accept the tiara. His reign was short. His spiritual power was exercised with vigour in the direction of reform, though he had to contend with the ultra-measures of too ardent a reformer at Milan, who, though a layman, had openly revolted against the unworthy Archbishop of Milan. He had a great dream of elevating his brother, the powerful Marquis of Tuscany, to the Imperial throne, but he died before he could accomplish his design. He was a great friend both of the future St. Gregory VII. and of St. Hugh of Cluny. He kept the abbatial dignity of Monte

¹ The Penny Library of Catholic Tales. No. XVIII. By Mrs. Raymond-Barker. *Lost and Found, Caught and Cured, The Queen of the Air.*

² *Un Pape Belge.* Histoire de Pape Etienne X. Par Ulysse Robert. Bruxelles, 1892.

Cassino to his death, and made magnificent presents to the abbey on his elevation to the Papacy. The greater part of the brochure is occupied with the Bullarium of the Pope from the most recent sources.

A Monograph on Polypus and other diseases of the nasal cavity, by J. W. L. Thudichum, M.D., F.R.C.P. Lond., Physician to the Queen's Jubilee Hospital, seventh revised and enlarged edition (London: Ballière, Tindall, and Cox), is a book for notice in a purely medical journal, rather than in these pages, if it were not for the interest of the use of electricity in the extraction of polypus. The discovery of the anæsthetic qualities of cocaine renders the use of the wire, heated white hot by an electric current, not only feasible but hardly troublesome. Burning has many advantages over the old coarse method of extraction by the forceps, among others that there is no loss of blood. Modern surgery has availed itself of recent scientific discoveries with a rapidity and ingenuity that does our surgeons the greatest honour.

The Biographical Series of the Catholic Truth Society has long been calling for a Life of St. Dominic. The want has now been supplied by a member of the Saint's own Order.¹ Father Lescher's Life gives a very real and distinctive picture of the Saint, and draws out his characteristic features and those of his Rule and teaching with great skill, as, *e.g.*, that the Order he founded was especially a belligerent Order, that his spirit was a practical one, and that he was the apostle of vocal prayer, and yet not the less of simultaneous meditation. This it is which accounts for our Lady having entrusted to him the spreading of the devotion to the Rosary and for his success against heretics, as well as for the celebrated preachers and theologians for which his Order is renowned.

We rejoice to be able to announce that Mr. Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*² will shortly appear. It is an anthology of English poetry in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, collected with indefatigable perseverance and unwearied devotion from sources the most varied. It does not include the hymns ordinarily found in books of devotion, but outside of these.

¹ *St. Dominic*. By the Rev. W. Lescher, O.P. Biographical Series. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Carmina Mariana*. An English Anthology in Verse in honour of or in relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Collected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Printed for the Editor by Spottiswoode and Co., 1893.

The aim of the skilful and zealous Editor has been to bring together all the poetry of real merit, and Catholic in tone and expression, that was within his reach. We hope to review the work as soon as it is published. Meanwhile we merely direct our readers' attention to it, and take occasion to remind them that it is to be published by subscription, at a price that brings it within the reach of most educated Catholics. It fills a gap that many of us have long felt. We wish it all possible success.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Études* for February has an interesting article on the institution and use of the sacraments as the divinely appointed channels of grace and means of sanctification, and the manner of their instrumentality. The intrinsic virtue and efficacy of the sacraments is shown to be independent of the dispositions of the minister or the recipient; nevertheless the dispositions of the latter regulate in a great measure the extent of the effect produced in the soul. The situation in South Africa forms the theme of another paper. The extension of the British power, the independence of the Transvaal, the development and civilization of Mashonaland, and the probable annexation of the territory of the Betchuanas, are duly discussed; but to these problems time alone can give the solution. In closing his account of the recent Congress at Mayence, Father Soehnlin attributes the strength of the Catholic movement in Germany to its centralization and concentration. Not a single discordant note marred the unity that reigned in that vast assembly. He concludes with a glance at the position of Catholics in Alsace, and some strictures on the Imperial policy in regard to the inhabitants of that province. The efforts of anthropologists to trace the genealogy of the human race, and connect man with the brute creation, have proved unsuccessful, nevertheless fresh theories are propounded from time to time in view of disproving his moral responsibility. One of the latest of these chimeras is examined at some length in the pages of the *Études*; it is that of the Italian Lombroso, who asserts that nature creates some men criminals, their anatomical, physiological, psychological characteristics being such as to deprive them of free-will and force them to the commission of crime. The recent debate in

the Chamber of Deputies on the Budget of Public Worship, is reviewed and commented on by Father Desjardins. The principles of the new Minister, who proposes the diminution of the number of episcopal and archiepiscopal sees, and the withdrawal of the salary granted to vicars-general, do not differ from those of his predecessor. Like him, he holds that the Church is to be tolerated only on condition that she accepts the subordinate position assigned her by the Republic.

In the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Father Baumgartner shows the true character of Renan, the ex-seminarist and apostate, who has been almost deified by his countrymen. Unknown until he published his impious *Vie de Jésus* thirty years ago, neither as philologist, philosopher, historian, or politician, did he merit the high eulogiums bestowed on him, and the honours paid to him at his death. In tracing the progress of the socialistic movement in Germany, Father Pesch discloses the action of Marx, and other revolutionary leaders and secret agitators who, expelled from one country after another, cannot desist from the evil work of disseminating the seeds of anarchy and socialism, and fostering disaffection, discontent, insubordination, and irreligion, under the pretence of asserting the rights and ameliorating the condition of the working classes. The charges brought by Pascal in five of his Provincial letters against the Jesuits, are examined in the present instalment of his biography. Many of these apply equally to other Orders, but they are directed against the Jesuits, to whose moral teaching, by means of clever misrepresentation and cutting sarcasm, Pascal contrives, as is well known, to give the appearance of being erroneous, deceptive, and encouraging to sin. Father Pfülf places before the reader a picture of Mirabeau, the prophet of the French Revolution, as he has been called, taking the lead in the National Assembly, where his force of character, rhetorical gifts, and genius for politics rendered him *facile princeps*. Father Beissel closes his account of Fra Angelico's paintings in the Convent of St. Mark at Florence with a few words concerning the artist himself, who is unrivalled as a religious painter. His holy life is mirrored in his works; painting was for him a method of formulating acts of faith, hope, and charity.

The current number of the *Katholik* opens with a eulogy of the Holy Father, not so much in regard to the unequalled wisdom of his European policy, as on account of his rare

mental endowments and versatile intellectual gifts. There is scarcely one of the sciences, exact or natural, of which he has not been a careful student; in addition to this, Leo XIII. is no mean proficient in the art of versification. His poems, of which a volume has been published, are on the model of the classic writers, and are marked by elegance of style and elevation of thought. The essay on the early representations of the Blessed Virgin describes several of the female figures (*orantes*) on the painted glasses of the Catacombs. These may or may not be intended for the Mother of God; only in regard to eleven paintings or sculptures of a period previous to the fourth century can it be alleged with certainty that they delineate our Blessed Lady. The biography of Abbot Wolter closes with an account of the work done by him in the last years of his active and useful life. Shortly before his holy and peaceful death, he wrote the *Elementa vitæ monasticæ*, a compendium of his long experience of monastic life. Father Racke, S.J., writing on the need of combating the spread of social democracy among the working classes, calls upon the priest, whose office it is to defend the citadel of the faith, to publish the truths of religion, to guard the faithful against those who would rob them of their most precious possession, to declaim from the pulpit against the soul-destroying principles of socialism, by which the foundations of religion are undermined as surely if less openly than are the bulwarks of social order and the fabric of civil government.

39

ENGLISH MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.

(STONYHURST SERIES.)

EDITED BY

RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J.

*Extract from a Letter of His Holiness the Pope to the Bishop of Salford on the
Philosophical Course at Stonyhurst.*

"You will easily understand, Venerable Brother, the pleasure We felt in what you lately reported to Us about the College of Stonyhurst in your diocese, namely, that by the efforts of the superiors of this College, an excellent course of the exact sciences has been successfully set on foot, by establishing professorships, and by publishing in the vernacular for their students text-books of Philosophy, following the principles of St. Thomas Aquinas. On this work We earnestly congratulate the superiors and teachers of the College, and by letter We wish affectionately to express Our good-will towards them."

1. **Logic.** By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford; Classical Examiner in the Royal University of Ireland. Second Edition. Price 5s.
2. **First Principles of Knowledge.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J., late Professor of Logic and General Metaphysics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Second Edition. Price 5s.
3. **Moral Philosophy (Ethics and Natural Law).** By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., M.A. Lond.; late Professor of Ethics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Third Edition. Price 5s.
4. **Natural Theology.** By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J., Professor of Natural Theology at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Price 6s. 6d.
5. **Psychology.** By MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A., Lond., Professor of Mental Philosophy at Stonyhurst College. Price 6s. 6d.
6. **General Metaphysics.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Price 5s.

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME.

Political Economy. By C. S. DEVAS, Esq., M.A., Examiner in Political Economy in the Royal University of Ireland. Price 6s. 6d.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

Subscription for the **WHOLE SERIES**, 24s. (including Supplementary Volume, 28s. 6d.), post free. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. James Stanley, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W., and not by the Publishers.

Perry & Co. (Ltd.), Steel Pen Makers

**PERRY & CO.'S
AUSTRALIAN PENS.**

Price ONE PENNY each,

OR 10S. 6d. PER GROSS.

Samples by post, 7d., or 12 for a 1s.
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.



This is a small series of pens made in the U. M. B. J. and J. P. patterns, in an incorrodible metal, which is coated with pure gold. No ink will affect these pens so as to cause them to rust, and they will write with a nice, soft, and easy elasticity.

WHOLESALE—

PERRY & CO., LIMITED, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.



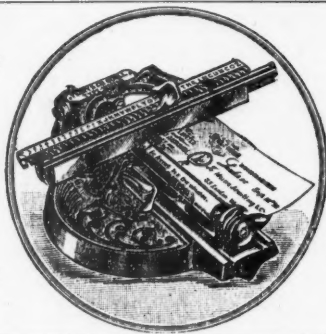
**PERRY & Co.'s
Royal Aromatic Elastic Bands.**

The universal favour that these assorted boxes of Bands have met with from the public fully justifies us in stating that they are one of the most useful requisites for the counting-house or library. For domestic use they are invaluable to supersede string for jams, preserves, pickles, &c., being much more economical and convenient.

6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. per Box, and upwards.

**PERRY AND CO.'S
"ODELL" TYPEWRITER.**

SEND FOR
SAMPLE OF WRITING
AND PROSPECTUS
POST FREE.



PRICE
£5 5s.

WHAT WILL THE "ODELL" DO?

It will write 60 words per minute. It gives perfect press copies. It will give perfect manifold copies. It will perforate Cheques. It prints direct from the type. It is inked automatically. It can be used by the Blind.

WHAT THE "ODELL" WILL NOT DO.

It will not get out of order. It will not get out of alignment. It will not cost anything in use.

SOLD BY STATIONERS, IRONMONGERS, ETC.

PERRY AND CO., LIMITED, 18, 19, AND 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

18, 19, & 20, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

lkers

S.

1,

als.

. J. and J. P.
h pure gold.
ust, and they

LONDON.

S

Bands.

d boxes of
justifies us
seful requi-
r domestic
g for jams,
economical

d upwards.

R.

E

5s.

ies. It will
the Blind.

1850.

DON.

E.C.